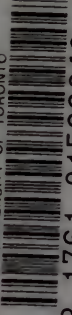


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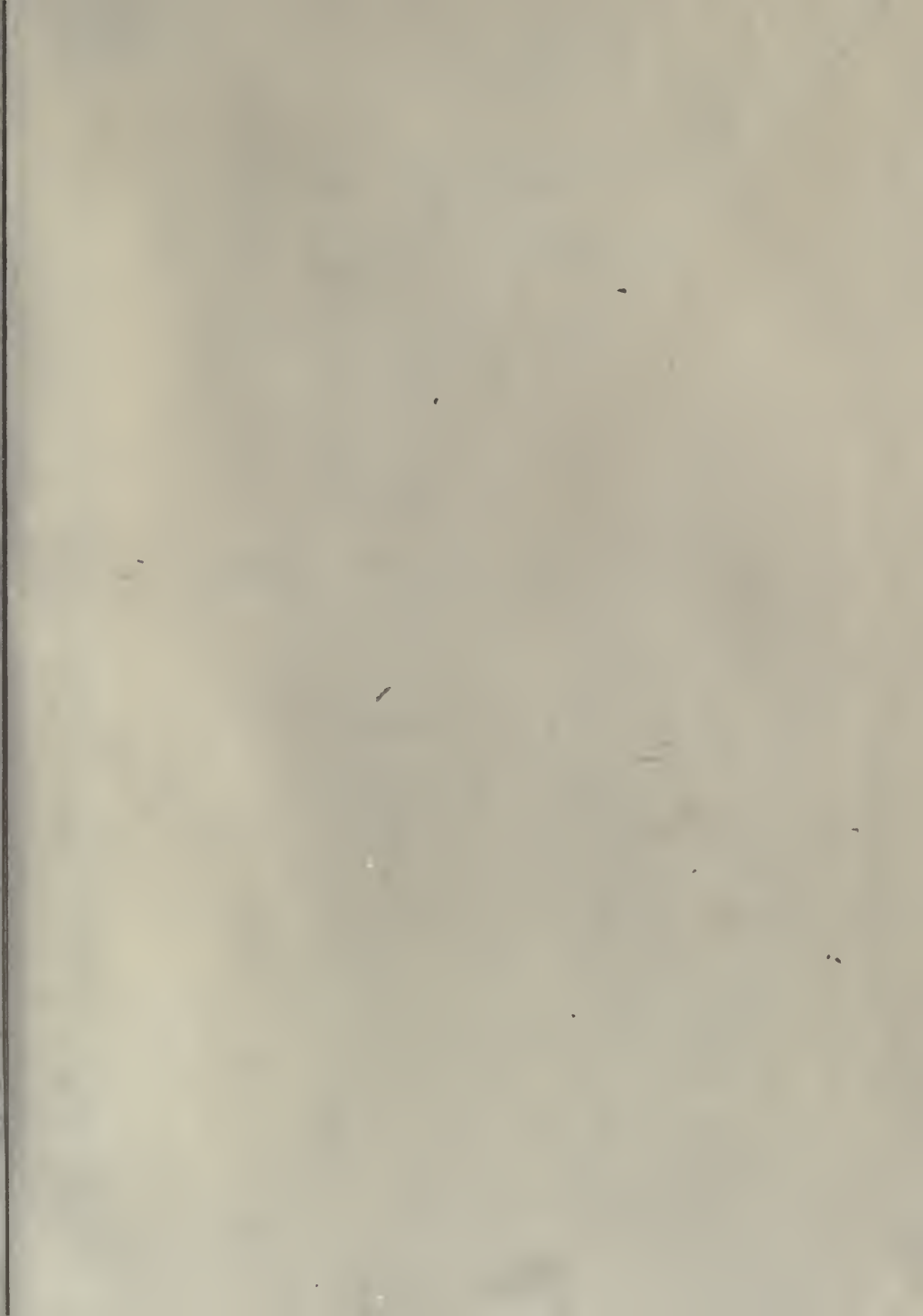


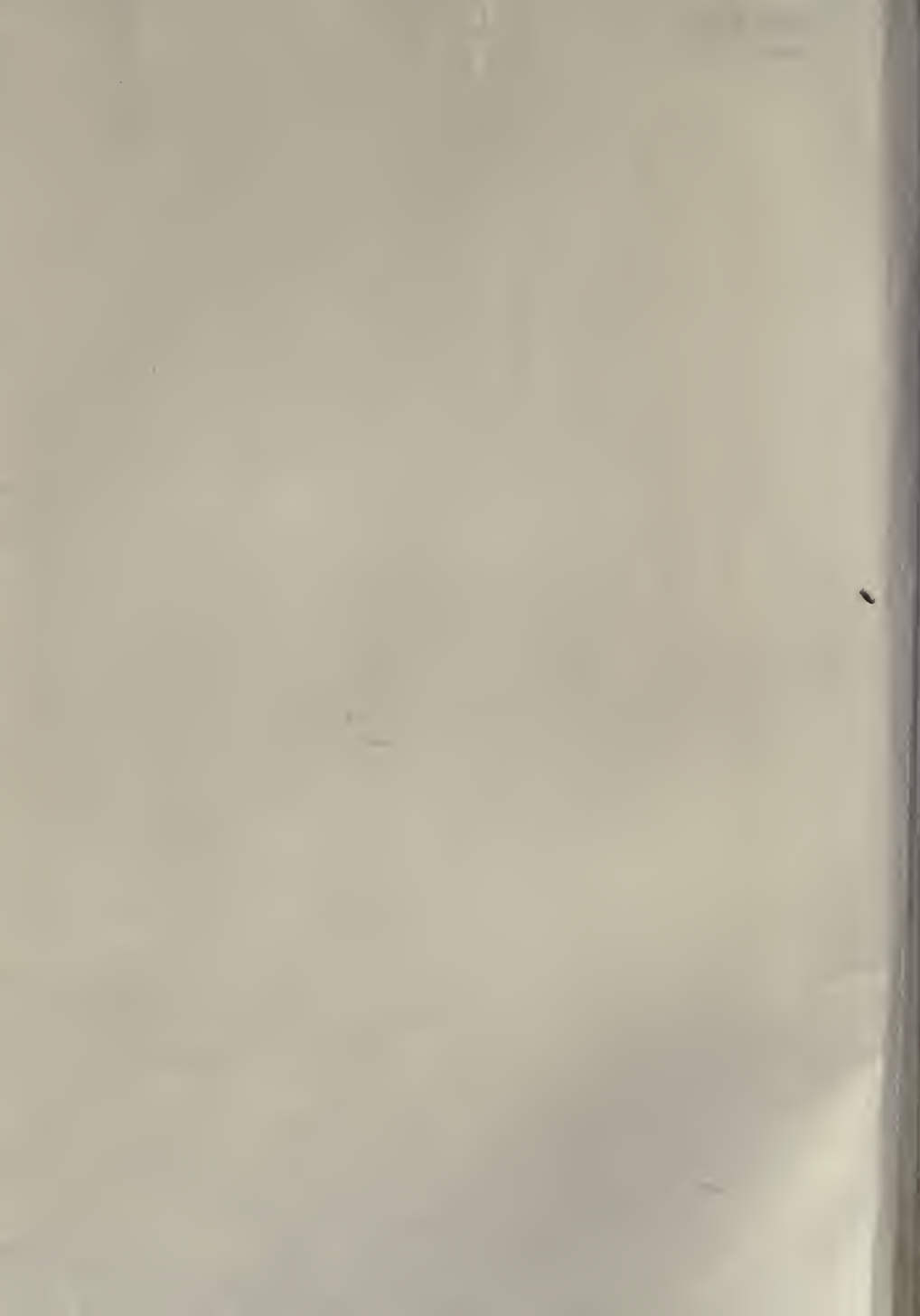
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*Epitaphes, Epigrams,* 3867  
SONGS AND SONETS,

*with a Discourse*  
of the Friendly affec-  
tions of *Tymetes*  
to *Pyndara*  
his Ladie.

Newly corrected, with addi-  
tions, and fet out by  
*George Turberville,*  
*Gentleman.*

*Anno Domini*  
1567.

IMPRINTED AT  
**London,** by Henry  
Denham.

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To the Right Noble and his singular  
good Lady, Lady Anne, *Countesse War-*

### NOTICE.

---

WE have here reproduced the earliest known edition of Turbervile's "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets": of that only a single copy remains, and no public or private library contains any exemplar prior to it. Even that single copy is deficient of a leaf, which, however, we have supplied from the same old printer's edition of 1570; and in order that no mistake may be made, we have included the contents of the leaf within brackets.

J. P. C.

---

*hope it shal not faile) then should I hercafter not once so*

PR

2384

To the Right Noble and his singular  
good Lady, Lady Anne, *Countesse War-*  
*wick, &c.* George Turberville wifheth  
increase of honor with all good  
happes.

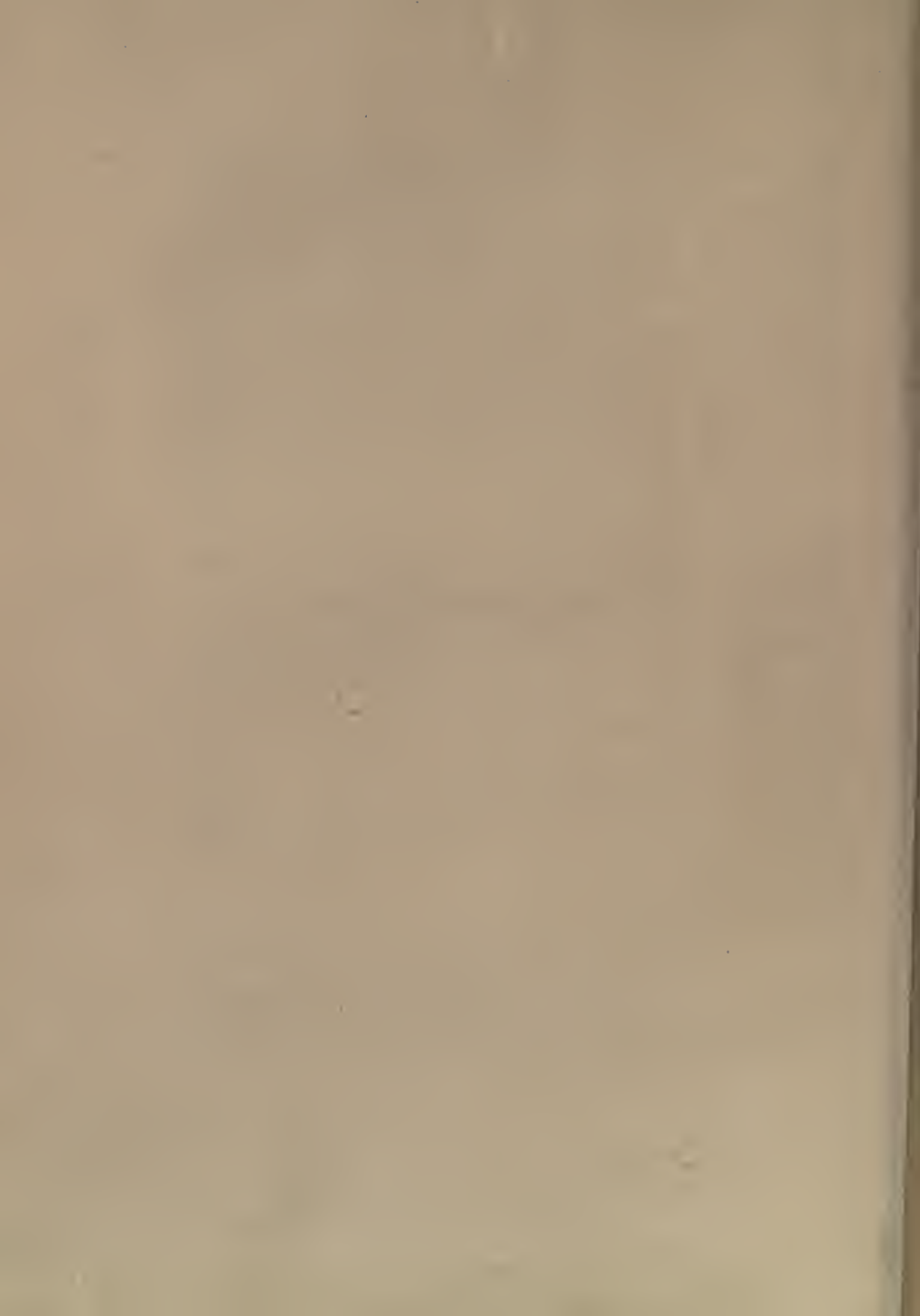
*AS at what time (Madame) I first published this fond  
and slender treatise of Sonets, I made bolde with you in  
dedication of so unworthy a booke to so worthie a Ladic, so  
have I now also rubde my browe, and wiped away all shame  
in this respect, adventuring not to ccase, but to increase my  
former follie, in adding moe Sonets to those I wrote before:  
so much the more abusing, in mine owne conceite, your Ladi-  
shippes patience, in that I had pardon before of my rash  
attempt. But see (madame) what presumption raignes in  
retchlesse youth! You accepted that my first offer, of honor-  
able and meere curtesie, and I, thereby encouraged, blush not  
to procede in the like trade of follie, alwayes hoping for the  
lyke acceptance at your hands; which if should faile me (as I  
hope it shal not faile) then should I hereafter not once so*

*much as dare as to set pen to paper for feare of controlment and check; which howe grievous it is to a yong man, nowe (as it were) but tasting with his lippe the brim of learnings fountaine, and saluting the Muses at the doore and threscholl, neyther is your Ladiship ignorant, and I my selfe presume to know. Wherfore, as I have (Madame) by a little inlarging this booke, inlarged not a little my follie, so is my humble sute to you a little to inlarge your bounteous curtesie; I meane in well accepting the increase of these my follies, proceeding not so much upon any light affection, as desire to acknowledge a greater dutie. It shall not be long (I hope) but that my hande shall seeke, in some part, the requitall of your bountie by some better devise, though not more learned treatise. But what shoulde I stande upon termes of skill? knowing that it is not the worke that your Ladiship doth so much regarde as the writer, neyther the worthinesse of the thing, as the good will and meaning of the deviser therof, offering his dutie in such wise as best aunsweres his abilitie and power. For as if subiectes shoulde have respect more to the unworthinesse of such things as they give their princes, than regard the worthe mindes and good natures of their soveraignes in well accepting such slender trifles at their vassels handes, they should quyte be discouraged from ever offering the like and*

*flender giftcs : so, if I should cast an eie rather to the baseneffe of my booke than account of your noble nature and accustomed curtesie in well receyving the same, neither should I heretofore emboldned my selfe so farre as to have offred you this trifling treatise, nor now have the hart to adventure anew, although somewhat purged of his former faults and scapes. I cannot leave to molest your noble eies with survey of my rashe compiled toyes. It may please your Ladyship to wey my well meaning hart, at what time occasion ministers you the perusing of my booke, and this to deeme, that desire alone to manifest my dutie to you was the onely cause of this my enterprife. Which done, I have at this time no more to trouble your Ladyship, but ending my Epistle, to crave the Gods your happie preservation of present honor, and luckie increafe of blessed happes in all your life.*

*Your Ladiships daily Orator,*

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.



*TO THE READER.*

**H**ERE have I (gentle Reader) according to promise in my Translation, given thee a fewe Sonets, the unripe feedes of my barraine braine, to pleasure and recreate thy wearye mind and troubled hed withal; trusting that thou wylte not loth the bestowing thy time at vacant houres in perusing the same, waying that for thy solace alone (the bounden dutie which I owed the noble Cownteffe reserved) I undertoke this slender toyle, and not for anye pleasure I did my selfe in penning thereof. As I deeme thou canst not, so do I hope thou wilt not, mislike it at all; but if there be any thing herein that maye offend thee, refuse it: reade and peruse the reast with pacience. Let not the misliking of one member procure thee rashlye to condemne the whole: I stand to thy judgement; I expect thy æquitie. Reade the good, and reject the evill: yea, rather condemne it to perpetuall silence; for so woulde I wyshe thee to deale wyth unworthye bookes. But assuredlye there is nothing in thys whole slender volume that was ment amisse of me, the writer, howsoever the letter goe in

thy judgement that arte the reader. Whatsoever I have penned, I write not to this purpose, that any youthlie head shoulde folow or pursue such fraile affections, or taste of amorous bait ; but by meere fiction of these fantasies, I woulde warne (if I myghte) all tender age to flee that fonde and filthie affection of poysoned and unlawful love. Let this be a glasse and myrror for them to gaze upon : the soner may I (I trust) prevayle in my perswasion, for that my selfe am of their yeares and disposition. And as I am not the first that in this sort hath written and imployde his time, so shall I not be the last, that without defarte (perhaps) shalbe misdeemed for attempting the same. But let those curious knightes cast an eye to home, and looke well about, whether they them selves are blamelesse, or as well worthie reproche as others.

This done and my intent considered, hoping of thy courtesie, I ende, alwayes readie to pleasure thee by my pains, wishing unto thee, that arte the patient reader, as to my self, the writer, and thy very friend.

GEORGE TURBERVILLE.



*To the rayling Route of Sycophants.*

---

IF he that once encountred with his foes  
In open field at found of blasted trumpe,  
Doe dare to yeelde his hewed head to bloes,  
And go again to heare the canons thumpe,  
With dreadlesse hart and unappalled brest,  
Not fearing till he be by foes opprest :

If such as earst in cutting of the furge,  
By passing to the straunge and forraine lande,  
Bode bitter blast and scornewfull Neptunes scourge,  
Dreade not to take the lyke attempt in hande,  
But rashly runne like sturdie ventrous wights,  
Not fearing wind nor wave when Borias fights :

If these (I say) doe nothing doubt at all,  
But valiantly give fresh assault anew,  
Not dreading daunger that is like to fall,  
As they long earst by proufe and practife knew ;  
Then why should I, of yore that have assayde  
The force of Zoylls mouth, be ought dismayde ?

Then why should I, like one that fearde to fight,  
 Or never crusht his head with helmets heft,  
 Now shew my felse a weake and coward wight  
 As long as life or lym uncut is left ?  
 For Ovid earst did I attempt the like,  
 And for my felse now shall I sticke to strike ?

No, no ; I martch gainst Momus once againe.  
 My courage is not quailde by cruell fo :  
 Though Zoyll did his best my flag to gaine,  
 Twas not his hap to have the conquest fo ;  
 And since it was my luck to scape his might,  
 I here affaile the beaft with novell fight.

Thou Sycophant, unsheath thy shamefull blade,  
 Pluck out that bloudie sawchon (dascard thou)  
 Wherewith thou hast full many a skirmish made,  
 And scocht the braines of many a learned brow :  
 Now dee thy woorst ; I force not of thy stroke :  
 Thou shalt not bring my neck to servage yoke.

Though thou affirme with rash and railing jawes  
 That I *invita* have Minerva made  
 My other booke, I gave thee no such cause  
 By any deede of mine to drawe thy blade :  
 But since thou hast shot out that shamelesse worde,

I here gainst thee uncote my cruell fworde.

I know thou wilt eche worde and sentence wrie  
 That in this slender booke of me is write,  
 And wilt the same unto thy sense applic,  
 Hoping for love thereby to breede dispite :  
 And looke, what I amisse did never meane,  
 Thou wilt mistake and eke misconster cleane.

Thou wilt the wylie braine, that ought is bent  
 To fowle suspect and spot of fell distrust,  
 Perswade that here something of him was ment,  
 And jealous coales into his bosom thrust ;  
 Thincking thereby thy purpose to aspire  
 In setting of his boyling breast a fire.

But as thou art in all thy other deedes  
 Deserving no beleefe or trust at all,  
 Likewise what so from thy vile jawes procedes  
 Is lothsome lie, fowle fitton, bitter gall.  
 Beleve him not, but reade the treatise through :  
 He sowes debate with helpe of hatefull plough.

The modest mind that meanes but vertues trade,  
 And shunnes the shamefull shop of bawdie sect,  
 This spitefull beast will (if he may) perswade  
 That these are toyes, for that he should reject

And not peruse the meaning of the fame :  
Thus Zoyll seekes but blòt of black defame,  
    But thou that vewfte this stile with staid brow,  
Marke erie worde, unjoint eche verse of mine,  
Thy judgement I, and censure will allow,  
Nor once will seeme for rancour to repine :  
Thou art the man whose sentence I expect ;  
I scorne the scoffes of Zoylls shamefull sect.

*FINIS.*

EPITAPHES, EPIGRAMS, SONGS  
AND SONETS.

---

In prayfe of the renowned

*Ladie Anne, Ladie Cownteffe  
Warwicke.*

WHEN Nature firft in hande did take  
The clay to frame this Counteffe corfe,  
The Earth a while fhee did forfake,  
And was compelde of verie force,  
With mowlde in hande, to flee to fkies,  
To ende the worke fhee did devies.

The Gods that tho in counfell fate,  
Were halfe amazde (againft their kinde :)  
To fee fo neere the ftoule of ftate  
Dame Nature ftande, that was affignde  
Among hir worldly impes to wonne,  
As fhee untill that day had donne.

Firft Jove began : What (daughter deere)  
Hath made thee fcorne thy fathers will ?  
Why doe I fee thee (Nature) heere,  
That oughtft of dutie to fulfill  
Thy under taken charge at home :  
What makes thee thus abroade to rome ?

Disdainefull dame, how didst thou dare  
 So retchlesse to depart the grownde  
 That is allotted to thy share?  
 (And therewithall his Godhead frownde.)  
 I will [quoth Nature] out of hande  
 Declare the cause I fled the lande.

I undertooke of late a peece  
 Of claye, a featurde face to frame  
 To match the courtly dames of Greece,  
 That for their beautie beare the name;  
 But (Oh good father) now I see  
 This worke of mine it will not bee.

Vicegerent since you mee assignde  
 Belowe in Earth, and gave me lawes  
 On mortall wightes, and willde that kinde  
 Should make and marre, as shee sawe cause,  
 Of right (I think) I may appeale  
 And crave your helpe in this to deale.

When Jove sawe how the case did stande,  
 And that the worke was well begonne,  
 Hee prayde to have the helping hande  
 Of other Gods till hee had donne:  
 With willing mindes they all agreede,  
 And set upon the clay with speede.

First Jove eche limme doth well dispose,  
 And makes a creature of the clay:  
 Next Ladie Venus she bestowes  
 Hir gallant gifts as best shee may:  
 From face to foote, from top to toe,  
 Shee let no whit untoucht to goe.

When Venus had donne what she coulde  
 In making of hir (carcas) brave,

Then Pallas thought shee might be bolde  
Among the reaft a share to have :  
A passing wyt shee did conuaye  
Into this passing peece of claye.

Of Bacchus shee no member had,  
Save fingars five and feate to see :  
Hir head with heare Apollo clad,  
That Gods had thought it golde to bee :  
So gliftring was the tresse in fight  
Of this newe formde and featurde wight.

Diana helde hir peace a space,  
Untill those other God had doune :  
At laft (quoth shee) in Dians chafe  
Wyth bowe in hande this nymph shall rounde ;  
And chiefe of all my noble traine  
I will this virgin entertaine.

Then joyfull Juno came and fayde :  
Since you to hir fo friendly are,  
I doe appoint this noble mayde  
To match with Mars his peere for warre :  
She shall the Cowntesse Warwick bee,  
And yeelde Dianas bowe to mee.

When to fo good effect it came,  
And every member had hys grace,  
There wanted nothing but a name :  
By hap was Mercurie then in place,  
That fayde, Pray you all agree  
Pandora graunt hir name to bee.

For since your Godheads forged have  
With one assent this noble dame,  
And eche to hir a vertuc gave,

This terme agreeth to the fame.  
 The Gods that heard Mercurius tell  
 This tale did lyke it passing well.

Report was sommonde then in haft,  
 And wilde to bring his trumpe in hande,  
 To blowe therewith a fownding blast  
 That might be heard through Brutus lande :  
 Pandora ! freight the trumpet blewe  
 That eche this Cowntesse Warwicke knewe.

O helie Nature borne to paine,  
 O wofull wretched kinde (I fay)  
 That to forsake the foyle were faine  
 To make this Cowntesse out of claye !  
 But oh, most friendly Gods, that woulde  
 Vouchsafe to fet your handes to mowld !

¶ The Argument to the  
*whole discourse and*  
 Treatise following.

By fedaine fight of unacquainted shape  
 Tymetes fell in love with Pyndara,  
 Whose beautie farre excelde Sir Paris rape,  
 That poets cleape the famous Helena.

His flame at first he durst not to displaye,  
 For feare he should offended Pyndara ;  
 But covert kept his torments many a daye,  
 As Paris did from worthie Helena.



At length the coale so fierie redde became  
Of him that so did fanſie Pyndara,  
That fuming ſmoke did wrie the hidden flame  
To hir that farre exceeded Helena.

Which when ſhee ſaw, ſhee ſeemde with friendly eie  
To like with him that lyked Pyndara :  
And made as though ſhee would eftfoone applie  
To him, as to hir gueſt did Helena.

Tymetes (looving man) then hoped well,  
And moovde his fute to Ladie Pyndara :  
He plide his penne and to his writing fell,  
And fude as did the man to Helena.

Within a while, diſpayring wretched wight !  
He found his loue (the Ladie Pyndara)  
So ſtraunge and coye, as though ſhe tooke delight  
To paine hir friend, as did faire Helena.

Another time hir cheere was ſuch to ſee,  
That poore Tymetes hoapte that Pyndara  
Woulde yeelde him grace ; but long it woulde not bee :  
She kept aloofe as did Dame Helena.

Thus twixt diſpaire and hope the doubtfull man  
Long ſpace did live that loved Pyndara,  
In wofull plight. At laſt the nymph began  
To quite his love, as did faire Helena.

Then joyed he, and cherefull ditties made  
In praife of his atchived Pyndara ;  
But ſone (God vote) his pleaſure went to glade :  
Another tooke too wife this Helena.

Thus ever as Tymetes had the cauſe  
Of joy or ſmart, of comfort or reſuſe,  
He glad or griefull woxe, and ever drawes  
His preſent ſtate with pen, as here enſues.

*To a late acquainted Friende.*

IF Vulcan durft perfume  
     that was a Gnuffe to see,  
 And strake with hammer on the stithe  
     a cunning smith to bee,  
 Whose chiefe and whole delight  
     was aye to frie at forge,  
 And listen to that melodie  
     smithes sorrowes to disgorge :  
 If Vulcan durft (I saye)  
     Dame Venus to assaile,  
 That was the worthyste wight of all,  
     if witnesse may prevaile,  
 Then may you muse the lesse,  
     though fancie force me wright  
 To you a second Venus (friende)  
     and Helen in my sight :  
 For what he saw in hir,  
     a goddesse by hir kinde,  
 That I in you (my chosen friende)  
     And somewhat else doe finde.  
 And as that siclie smith  
     by Cupid was procurde  
 To fawne on hir, to whome in fine  
     hee firmly was affurde ;  
 So by none other meanes  
     my senses are in thrall,  
 But by procurement of the God  
     that conquers Gods and all.

Tis hee that make[s] mee bolde,  
tis hee that willes me fue  
To thee (my late acquainted friende)  
loves torment to eschue.  
Not to this day was feene  
that any durst rebell  
Or kicke at Cupid, Prince of Love,  
as learned poets tell ;  
But rather would with free  
and uncoacted minde  
Applic to please in any case  
what so the God affignde.  
What neede I here displaye  
the spoyles by Cupid wonne ?  
Not I, but you (my friende) woulde faint  
ere half the tale were donne.  
His banner doth declare  
what harts have beene subdude,  
Where they are all in fabels fet,  
with blood and gore imbrude.  
Not mightie Mars alone,  
nor Hercules the stoute,  
But other Gods of greater state,  
There standing in a route :  
There may you plainely see  
how Jove was once a swanne  
To lure faire Leda to his lust  
when raging loue beganne :  
Some other when a bull,  
Some other time a showre  
Of golden drops, as when he coyde  
the closed Nunne in towre.

Appollos love appeares,  
     and ever will be knowne,  
 As long as lawrell leaves shall last,  
     and Daphnes brute be blowne.  
 May brainfick Bacchus brag,  
     or boast himselfe as free ?  
 Not I, but Aryadnas crowne  
     shewes him in love to bee.  
 Since these and other mo,  
     that Gods were made by kinde,  
 Might not avoyde that guilefull God  
     that winged is and blinde,  
 Should I have hope to scape  
     by force, or else by flight,  
 That in respect of those his thralls  
     am of so slender might ?  
 As they did yeelde to love  
     for feare of Cupids yre,  
 Euen so am I become his thrall  
     by force of flaming fyre.  
 What time I first displayde  
     mine eies upon thy face,  
 (That doth allure eche lookers hart)  
     I did the[e] P. imbrace ;  
 And since that time I feele  
     within my breast such joye,  
 As Paris never felt the like  
     when Helen was at Troye.  
 How coulde so barraine foyle  
     bring forth so good a grasse,  
 To whome the reast, that seeme good corne,  
     are in respect but chaffe ?

(O God) that Cupid woulde  
    upon thy breast bestowe  
His golden shaft, that thou the force  
    of lyking love mightst knowe :  
Then should I stande in hope,  
    and well assured bee,  
That thou wouldst be as friendly (P.)  
    as I am now to thee.  
Whome (till thy friendship fayle,  
    and plighted hest doe swerve)  
I vaunt and vowe by mightie Jove  
    with hart and hande to serve.  
My senses all take heede,  
    and yee, my wits, beware  
That you attentive be on hir  
    and for no other care.  
You eies, that wonted were  
    light loving lookes to cast,  
I give commaundment on hir here  
    that yee be ankred fast.  
Mine cares, admit no founde,  
    ne womans words at all ;  
Be shut against such Syrens songs  
    replete with lurking gall.  
Tongue, see that thou be tyde,  
    and use no wanton stile :  
By lawe of love I thee conjure  
    such toys to exile.  
Legges, looke that yee be lame  
    when you should reache a place  
To take the vewe of Venus nymphes  
    Pees beautie to deface.

For such a one is shee  
     whome I would will you serue,  
 As to be plaste for Pallas peere  
     for wifedome may deserue.  
 So constant are hir lookes,  
     and eake as chaste a face,  
 As if that Lucrece living were  
     shee Lucrece would disgrace :  
 So modest is hir mirth  
     in erie time and tyde,  
 As they that prick most nearste of all  
     their shiverde shafts are wyde.  
 Pause, pen, a while therefore,  
     and use thy wonted meane :  
 For Boccas braine, and Chaucers quill  
     in this were foyled cleane.  
 Of both might neither boast  
     if they did live againe ;  
 For P. would put them to their shifts  
     to pen hir vertues plaine.  
 Yet one thing will I vaunt,  
     and after make an ende,  
 That Momus can not for his lyfe  
     devise one jote to mende.  
 Thus to conclude at length,  
     see thou (my friend) peruse  
 This slender verse, till leyfure serue  
     abrode to bring my Muse ;  
 For then you shall perceive  
     by that which you shall see,  
 That you have made your choise, as well  
     As I by choosing P.

*The Lover extolleth the singular beautie of  
his Ladic.*

LET Myron muse at natures passing might,  
And quite resigne his pievish painters right,  
For fure he can not frame hir featurde shape,  
That for hir face excels the Greekish rape.

Let Zeuxis grapes not make him proude at all,  
Though fowles for them did skyr against a wall ;  
For if hee should affay my love to paint,  
His art would fayle, his cunning fist would faint.

Let Praxitell presume with penfill rude  
Base things to blaze the people to delude :  
Hir featurde limmes to drawe let him not dare,  
That with the sayre Diana may compare.

Though Venus forme Apelles made so well,  
As Greece did judge the painter to excell,  
Yet let not that enbolde the Greeke to grave  
Hir shape, that beauties praise deserves to havè.

For nature, when she made hir, did entende  
To paint a peece that no man might amende :  
A paterne for the reaft, that after shoulde  
Be made by hande, or cast in cunning mould.

*The Lover declareth how first he was taken, and enamoured  
by the sight of his Ladic.*

I HAVING never earft  
the craft of Cupid tride,

Ne yet the wylie wanton wayes  
 of Ladie Venus spide,  
 But spent my time in sporte  
 as youth is woont by kinde,  
 Not forcing fanfies pinching powre  
 that other wights did blinde,  
 By fortune founde a face  
 that lykte my hart so well,  
 As by the sodaine vewe thereof  
 to fanfies frame I fell.  
 No fooner had mine eies  
 upon hir beautie stayde,  
 But wit and will without respect  
 were altogither wayde.  
 Unwarely so was none  
 in such a snare before :  
 The more I gazde upon hir face,  
 I lykte my love the more.  
 Forthwith I thought my hart  
 out of his roome was rapt,  
 And wits (that woonted were to wayte  
 on reason) were intrapt.  
 Downe by mine eies the stroke  
 descended to the hart,  
 Which Cupid never crazde before  
 by force of golden dart.  
 My blood that thought it bounde  
 his maisters part to take,  
 No longer durst abide abroad,  
 but outwarde limmes forfake.  
 Which having beene in breast,  
 and frostie colde dismayde,



It hafted from the hart againe  
    externall partes to ayde,  
And brought with it fuch heate  
    as did enflame the face,  
Distayning it with scarlet redde  
    by rafhneffe of the race.  
And fince that time I feele  
    fuch pangues and inwarde fits,  
As now with hope, and then with feare,  
    encombred are my wits.  
Thus muft I, mifer, live  
    till thee by friendly ruth  
Doe pittie mee hir loving thrall,  
    whofe deedes fhall trie his truth.  
Thrife luckie was the day,  
    thriftie happie eake the place,  
And yee (mine eies) thristie bleffed were  
    that lighted on hir face.  
If I in fine may force  
    hir pittie by my plaint,  
I fhall in cunningft verfe I may  
    hir worthie prayfe depaint.  
There is one thing makes me joy,  
    and bids me think the beft ;  
That cruell rigor can not lodge  
    where beautie is poffeft.  
And fure unleffe ſhe falve  
    and heale this cankred wounde  
By yeelding grace, it muft in time  
    of force my corps confounde :  
For long it may not laft  
    that in fuch anguifh lies ;

Extreames in no case can endure,  
 as fages did devise.  
 No tyger gaue hir teate,  
 she is no lyons whelpe ;  
 Ne was she bred of cruell rocks,  
 nor will renounce to helpe  
 Such as she paines with love,  
 and doth procure to wo :  
 She is not of the currish kinde,  
 hir nature is not fo.

*Maister Googe his sonet of the paines of Loue.*

TWO lynes shall tell the grieffe  
 that I by loue sustaine :  
 I burne, I flame, I faint, I freeze,  
 of hell I feele the paine.

*Turberviles aunswere and distich to the same.*

TWO lynes shall teach you how  
 to purchase ease anewe :  
 Let reason rule where love did raigne,  
 and ydle thoughts eschewe.

¶ *An Epitaphe on the death of Dame Elyzabeth Arhundle.*

HERE graved is a good and godly wight,  
 That yeilded hath hir cynders to the soyle,

Who ran hir race in vertues tylt aright,  
And never had at Fortunes hand the foyle :  
The guide was God whome shee did aye ensue,  
And Vertue was the marke whereat she throe.

Descending of a house of worthie fame,  
Shee linckt at length with one egall state,  
Who though did chaunge hir first and former name,  
Did not enforce hir vertues to rebate ;  
For Dannat shee Dame Arhundle was hight,  
Whose feere was knowne to be a worthy knight.

Hir beautie I not blaze ne brute at all,  
(Though with the best she might therein compare)  
For that it was to age and fortune thrall :  
Hir thewes I touch, which were so passing rare,  
As being earthde and reaft hir vitall breath,  
Hir chiefeft part doth live and conquer death.

Let spite not spare to speake of hir the wurst,  
Let envie feede upon hir godly life,  
Let rancour rage, let hatreds bellie burst,  
Let Zoill now unsheath his cutting knife ;  
For death hath closde hir corse in marble grave,  
Hir soule is fled in skies his seate to have.

Let Leyster laugh that such a mirrour bred,  
Let matrons mourne for losse of their renowne,  
Let Cornewall crie since Dannat now is ded,  
Let Vertue eke doe on hir mourning gowne ;  
For she is reft that was at Vertues beck,  
Whome Fortune had no powre to give the check.

*To Piero of Pride.*

FRIEND Piero, pride infects a friendly minde ;  
 The haughtie are perfude with deadly hate :  
 Wherefore eschue the proude peacocks kinde,  
 That greedie are to sit on stoole of state :  
 The lowly hart doth winne the love of all,  
 But pride at last is sure of shamefull fall.

*Piero to Turberville.*

GOOD is the counsell (Turberville) you give :  
 It is a vertue rare well to advise,  
 But if your selfe in peacocks fort doe live  
 Men deemen may you are not perfite wise ;  
 Whose chiefest point in act consisteth aye :  
 Well doing farre excelleth well to saye.

*Verse in prayse of Lorde Henrye Howarde, Earle of Surrey.*

WHAT should I speake in prayse of Surreys skill,  
 Unlesse I had a thousand tongues at will ?  
 No one is able to depaint at full,  
 The flowing fountaine of his sacred skull ;  
 Whose pen approovde what wit he had in mue,  
 Where such a skill in making Sonets grue.  
 Eche worde in place with such a sleight is coucht,  
 Eche thing whereof he treates so firmly toucht,  
 As Pallas seemde within his noble breact

To have fojournde, and beene a daylie gueft.  
Our mother tongue by him hath got fuch light,  
As ruder fpeech thereby is banisht quight :  
Reprove him not for fanfies that he wrought,  
For fame thereby and nothing elfe he fought.  
What though his verfe with pleafant toyes are fright,  
Yet was his honours life a lampe of light :  
A mirrou he the fimple fort to traine,  
That ever beate his brayne for Britans gaine.  
By him the nobles had their vertues blazde,  
When fpitefull death their honors lives had razde :  
Eche that in life had well deferved aught,  
By Surreys meanes an endles fame hath caught.  
To quite his boone and aye well meaning minde,  
Whereby he did his fequell feeme to binde,  
Though want of fkill to filence me procures,  
I write of him whose fame for aye endures ;  
A worthie wight, a noble for his race,  
A learned lorde that had an Earles place.

*Of Faloufic.*

A STRAUNGE difeafe, a grieffe exceeding great,  
A man to have his hart in flame inolde,  
In fort that he can never choofe but sweate,  
And feele his feete benumbe with frofty colde.  
No doubt, if he continue in this heate,  
He will become a cooke hereafter olde ;  
Of fuch difeafes fuch is the effect,  
And this in him we may full well fufpect.

*To his Ladie, that by hap when he kissed hir and made hir  
lip bleed, controld him and tooke disdaine.*

DISCHARGE thy dole,  
 Thou subtile soule,  
 It standes in little steede  
 To curffe the kisse  
 That causer is  
 Thy chirrie lip doth bleede.  
 Thy bloud ascends  
 To make amends  
 For damage thou haft donne ;  
 For by the same  
 I felt a flame  
 More scorching than the funne.  
 Thou reftst my harte  
 By secret arte,  
 My sprites were quite subdude :  
 My fenfes fled  
 And I was ded ;  
 Thy lippes were scarce imbrude.  
 The kisse was thine,  
 The hurt was mine,  
 My hart felt all the paine ;  
 Twas it that bled  
 And lookte so red,  
 I tell thee once againe.  
 But if you long  
 To wreake your wrong  
 Upon your friendly so,

Come, kiffe againe,  
And put to paine  
The man that hurt you fo.

*Mayster Googe his Sonet.*

ACCUSE not God, if fanſie fonde  
doe moove thy fooliſh braine  
To wayle for love ; for thou thy ſelfe  
art caufe of all the paine.

*Turberviles anſwere.*

NOT God (friend Googe) ye lover blames,  
as worker of his woes ;  
But Cupid that his fierie flames  
fo frantickly beſtowes.

*A comparifon of the Lovers eſtate with the Souldiars  
painefull lyfe.*

IF fouldiers may, for ſervice done,  
and labours long ſuſtainde,  
For wearie watch, and perils paſt,  
and armes with armour painde,  
For puſh of pike, for holbers ſtroke,  
for ſtanding in the frunt,  
If they expect rewarde (I fay)  
for byding battayles brunt,

Then what shall Cupids captaines crave,  
what recompence desire,  
That warde the day, and wake the night,  
confumde with fretting fire?  
No roome of rest, no time of truce,  
no pleading for a peace:  
When Cupid founds his warlike trumpe,  
the fight will never cease.  
First shall you see the shivering shafts,  
and vewe the thirled darts,  
Which from their eies they cast by course  
to pierce their enmies harts.  
But if the foe doe stande aloofe,  
(as is the lovers guise)  
Then canons with their cruell cracks  
as thick as thunder flies.  
Sweete wordes in place of powder stande  
by force which think to win,  
That loving lookes of late had lost  
when fight did first begin.  
But on the breast to beare the brunt  
and keepe them from the hart,  
A fure and privie cote is worne,  
repelling pellats smart.  
They stop their eares against the found,  
which is the surest shielde  
Against the dreadfull shot of wordes  
that thousandes had beguilde.  
But when Cupidians flatly see  
nor gunne, nor bowe prevaile,  
They then begin their friendly foes  
with other fight taffaile.



Then fet the daskardes dreade aside,  
and to the walles they run,  
As though they woulde subdue the forte  
or ere the fight begun.  
Forthwith the scaling ladders come,  
and to the walles are fet ;  
Then fighes and fobs begin to clime,  
but they are quickly met.  
Thus Cupid and his fouldiers all  
the sharpe repulse sustaine,  
Whome Beauty batters from the walles,  
whose captaine is Disdaine.  
When all are gone and yeeld it lost,  
comes Hope and whote Desire,  
To see where they can have the hap  
to fet the forte afire :  
But nought prevailes their lingring fight ;  
they can not Beautie win,  
Yet doe they skirmish still behinde  
in hope to enter in.  
At length, when Beautie doth perceyve  
those fouldiers are so true,  
That they will never from the walles  
till they the holde subdue,  
She calles to Pittie for the keyes,  
and bids hir let them in,  
In hope they will be true to hir  
as they to Love had bin.  
The gates no fooner are unlockt,  
but fouldiers all retire,  
And enter into Beauties forte  
with Hope and hote Desire.

Now judge by this that I have faide  
of these two fightes aright,  
Which is the greateft toyle of both  
when warlike tents are pight :  
For Mars his men fometime have ease,  
and from their battaile blin,  
But Cupids fouldiers ever ferue,  
till they Dame Beautie win.

*The Lover againft one that compared his Miftrefse with  
his Ladie.*

A MADNESSE to compare  
the pipler with the pine,  
Whereof the mariner makes his maft,  
and hanges it all with line !  
A follie to preferre  
a lampe before the Sunne,  
Or brag that Balams lumpifh affe  
with Bucephall fhall runne !  
Then, ceafe for fhame to vaunt,  
and crowe in craking wife  
Of hir that leaft deserves to have  
hir beauties fame arife.  
Thou, foolifh dame, beware  
of haughtie peacocks pride ;  
The fruite thereof in former age  
hath fundrie times bene tride.  
Arachne can exprefse  
how angrie Pallas was,

When shee in needle worke would seeme  
the heavenly wight to passe :  
The spider shewes the spite  
that shee (good wench) abid ;  
In token of hir pride shee hanges  
at rouse by rotten thrid.  
No foode shee hath allowde,  
lesse fortune sende the flie ;  
The cobwed is hir costly couch  
appointed hir to lie.  
With venim ranck and vile  
hir wombe is like to burst,  
A token of hir inwarde hate,  
and hawtie minde at furst.  
And thou that surely thinkst  
thy ladie to excell,  
Example take of others harme  
for judgement that befell.  
When Pan, the pastors Prince,  
and Rex of rustick route,  
To passe Apollo in his play  
and musick went aboute,  
Mount Tmolus was the judge  
that there the roome posselt,  
To give his verdite for them both,  
which uttered musick best.  
First came the rustick forth  
with pipe and puffed bag,  
That made his eies to run like streames,  
and both his lips to wag.  
The noyse was somewhat rude,  
and ragged to the care ;

The simplest man alive would gesse  
 that pievisih Pan was there.  
 Then Phœbus framde his frets,  
 and wrested all his pinnes,  
 And on his curious strings to strike  
 the skilfull God beginnes :  
 So passing was his play  
 as made the trees to daunce,  
 And stubborne rocks in deepest vales  
 for gladfome joy to praunce.  
 Amphyon blusht as red  
 as any glowing flame ;  
 And Orpheus durst not shew his face,  
 but hide his head for shame.  
 Ynough ! quoth Tmolus tho,  
 my judgement is that Pan  
 May pipe among the ruder fort  
 that little musick can :  
 Apollos playe doth passe  
 of all that ere I hearde ;  
 Wherefore (as reason is) of mee  
 the Luter is preferde.  
 Meanewhile was Mydas prest,  
 not pointed judge in place,  
 But (lyke a dolt that went about  
 Apollo to deface).  
 Tushe, Tmolus, tushe ! quoth hee,  
 Pan hath the better skill ;  
 For hee the emptie bagge with winde  
 and strouting blast doth fill.  
 Apollo waggess his joints  
 and makes a jarring founde ;

Lyke pleasure is not in the lute  
as in the bagpipe founde.  
No fooner had hee spoke  
those witleffe wordes and fed,  
But Phœbus graft on asses eares  
upon his beaftly hed.  
In prooffe of judgement wrong  
that Mydas did maintaine,  
Hee had a paire of fowling eares  
to fhilde him from the raine.  
Wherefore (my friende) take heede  
of afterclaps that fall :  
And deeme not hir a dearling that  
deserves no prayfe at all.  
Your judgement is beguilde,  
your fenfes suffer shame :  
That so doe seeke to blaze hir armes,  
and to advaunce hir fame.  
Let hir go hide hir head  
in lothsome lurking mue,  
For crabbed crowfoote marres hir face,  
and quite distaines hir hue.

*The Lover to a Gentlewoman that, after great friendship,  
without desart or cause of mistyking, refused him.*

HAVE you not heard it long ago  
of cunning fawknars tolde,  
That haukes which love their keepers call  
are worth their weight in golde ?

And such as knowethe luring voice  
of him that feedes them still,  
And never rangle farre abroad  
against the keepers will,  
Doe farre exceede the haggarde hauke  
that stoopeth to no stale,  
Nor forceth on the lure awhit,  
but mounts with every gale.  
Yes, yes, I know you know it well,  
and I by proufe have tride,  
That wylde and haggard hawkes are worfe  
than such as will abide.  
Yet is there eke another kinde,  
farre worfer than the rest ;  
And those are they that flie at check,  
and stoupe to erie gest.  
They leave the lawe that nature taught,  
and shun their woonted kinde,  
In fleeing after erie foule  
that mounteth with the winde.  
You know what I doe meane by this ;  
if not, give care a while,  
And I shall shewe you my conceyte  
in plaine and simple stile.  
You were sometime a gentle hawke,  
and woont to feede on fist,  
And knew my luring voice right well,  
and would repaire at list :  
I could no sooner make a beck,  
or token with my hand,  
But you would quickly judge my will,  
and how the case did stand.

But now you are become so wylde,  
and rammage to be fecne,  
As though you were a haggard hawke ;  
your maners altred cleene.  
You now refuse to come to fist,  
you thun my woonted call,  
My luring lyketh not your eare,  
you force me not at all.  
You flee with wings of often change  
at random where you please ;  
But that in time will breede in you  
some fowle and fell diseafe.  
Live like a haggard fill, therefore,  
and for no luring care,  
For best (I see) contents thy minde  
at wishe and will to fare.  
So some, perhaps, will live in hope  
at length to light on thee,  
That earst reclaimde so gentle werte,  
and loving birde to mee ;  
But if thou chaunce to fall to check,  
and force on erie fowle,  
Thou shalt be worse detested then,  
than is the nightish owle.  
This counsell take of him that once  
did keepe thee at his beck,  
But now gives up in open field,  
for feare of filthie check.

*The Lover obtayning his wishe by all likelyhode, yet not able  
to attaine his desire, compares himself to Tantalus.*

OF Tantalus plight  
 The poets wright,  
 Complayning  
 And fayning  
     In forowfull fownding fonges :  
 Who feeles (they faye)  
 For apples gaye  
     Such payning,  
     Not gayning  
     The fruite for which he longes :  
 For when he thinkes to feede therone,  
 The fickle flattring tree is gone ;  
     And all in vaine hee hopes to have,  
     his famine to expell,  
     The flitting fruite that lookes so brave  
     and likes his eie so well :  
     And thus his hunger doth increafe,  
     And hee can never finde release.  
 As want of meate  
 Doth make him freate  
     With raging,  
     And gaging,  
     To catch the fruite that flees :  
 Even so for drythe,  
 The miser crythe,  
     Not fwaging,  
     But waging,  
     For licour that hee fees :



For to his painefull parched mouth,  
The long defired water flouth ;  
    And when he gapes full greedilie,  
        unthriftie thirst to flake,  
The river wasteth speedilie,  
    and awaywarde goes the lake ;  
That all the licour from his lips  
And dryed chaps away it flips.  
This kinde of paine  
Doth he sustaine,  
    Not ceasing,  
    Increasing,  
        His pittifull pining wo :  
In plenties place,  
Devoide of grace,  
    Releasing,  
    Or ceassing  
        The pangs that pinch him so :  
Of all the fretting fits of Hell  
This Tantals torment is most fell :  
    For that the reast can have no hope  
        their freedome to attaine,  
And he hath graunted him such scope  
    as makes the myser faine :  
    But all for nought in fine it serves,  
    For he with dryth and hunger sterves.  
Even so fare I  
That am at nie  
    My pleasure,  
    My treasure,  
        As I might wish to bee,

And have at will  
 My ladie still  
     At leasure,  
     In measure,  
         As well it liketh mee.  
 The amorous blincks flee to and fro,  
 With sugred words that make a show,  
     That fanſie is well pleaſde withall,  
         and findes it ſelfe content :  
 Eche other friendly friend doth call  
     and eche of us conſent ;  
 And thus we feeme for to poſſeſſe  
 Eche others hart and have redreſſe.  
 We coll, we clip,  
 We kiſſe with lip,  
     Delighted,  
     Requighted,  
         And merily ſpend the day :  
 The tales I tell  
 Are fanſide well,  
     Recited,  
     Not ſpited,  
         Thus weares the time away.  
 Looke, what I like ſhee doth imbrace,  
 Shee gives good eare unto my caſe,  
     And yeeldes mee lawfull libertie  
         to frame my dolorus plaint,  
 To quite hir friend from jeopardie  
     whome Cupid hath attaint ;  
 Reſpecting nought at all his welth,  
 But ſeeking meane to worke his helth.

I feeme to have  
The thing I craue ;  
    Shee barres not,  
    Shee jarres not,  
        But with a verie good will  
Shee heares my fute ;  
And for the frute  
    Shee warres not,  
    But dares not  
        To let me feede my fill.  
Shee would (I know) with hart agree ;  
The fault is neyther in hir nor mee,  
    I dare avowe full willinglie  
        fhee would consent thereto,  
    And gladly would me remedie  
        too banish away my woo :  
    So thus my wish I doe possesse,  
    And am a Tantal naythelesse.  
For though I stande  
And touch with hande,  
    Allured,  
    Procured,  
        The faint I doe desire :  
And may be bolde  
For to enfolde,  
    Affured,  
    Indured,  
        The corps that I require ;  
Yet by no meanes may I attaine  
To have the fruite I would so faine  
    To rid me from extremitie,  
        and cruell oppressing care :

Even thus with Tantals penaltie  
 my deftnie may compare ;  
 Who though endure excessive paine,  
 Yet mine is not the leaft of twaine.

*The Lover to the Themis of London, to favor his Ladie  
 paffing thereon.*

THOU ftately ftreamē y<sup>t</sup> with the fwelling tide  
 Gainft London walles inceffantly doft beate,  
 Thou Themis (I fay) where barge and bote doth ride,  
 And fnowwhite fwans do fifh for needefull meate ;

When fo my loue of force, or pleafure fhall  
 Flit on thy floud, as cuftome is to do,  
 Seeke not with dread hir courage to appall,  
 But calme thy tyde, and smoothly let it go,  
 As fhee may joy, arrivde to fiker fhore  
 To paffe the pleafant ftreamē ſhe did before.

To weltre up and furge in wrathfull wife,  
 (As did the floud where Helle drenched was)  
 Would but procure defame of thee to riſe :  
 Wherefore let all fuch ruthleffe rigor paffe,  
 So wiſh I that thou mayft with bending ſide  
 Have powre for aye in woonted goulfe to glide.

*To his Ring given to his Ladie, wherein was graven this  
 verſe : My hart is yours.*

THOUGH thou (my ring) be ſmall,  
 and flender be thy price,

Yet haft thou in thy compaffe coucht  
a lovers true device.  
And though no rubie red,  
ne Turkeffe trim thy top,  
Nor other Juell that commends  
the golden Vulcans fhop,  
Yet mayft thou boldlye vaunt,  
and make a true report  
For mee, that am thy mayfter yet  
in fuch a femblant fort,  
That aye (my hart is hirs)  
of thee I afke no more :  
My pen and I will fhew the reaft,  
which yet I keepe in ftore.  
Be mindefull of thy charge,  
and of thy mayfters cafe :  
Forget not that (my hart is hirs)  
though I be not in place.  
When thou haft tolde thy tale,  
which is but fhort and sweete,  
Then let my love conjeft the reaft,  
till she and I doe meete ;  
For as (my hart is hirs)  
fo shall it be for aye :  
My hart, my hand, my lyfe, my limmes,  
are hirs till dying daye.  
Yea, when the fpirite gives up  
and bodie breathes his laft,  
Say, naytheleffe (my hart is hirs)  
when life and all is pafte.  
Sit faft to hir finger,  
But doe thou not wring her.

*The despairing Lover craves eyther mercie in time at his  
Ladies hands, or cruell death.*

LIKE as the fearefull foule  
 within the fawcons foote  
 Doth yeelde himfelfe to die,  
 and fees none other boote,  
 Even fo dread I (my deare)  
 least ruth in thee will want,  
 To me that am thy thrall,  
 who, fearing death, doe pant.  
 So fast I am in gyve  
 within your beauties gayle,  
 As thence to make a breach  
 no engin may prevaile.  
 The hart within my breast  
 with trembling feare doth quake,  
 And fave your love (my deare)  
 nought can my torment flake.  
 To flea a yeelding pray  
 I judge it not your kinde :  
 Your beautie bids mee hope  
 more ruth in you to finde ;  
 Where Nature hath performde  
 fuch featurde shape to showe,  
 There hath she clofde in breast  
 a hart for grace to growe.  
 Wherefore my lingring paines  
 redrefse with ruthfull hart,  
 And doe in time become  
 phyfition to my smart.

Oh! shoue thy felfe a friende  
and natures impe to bee:  
As thou a woman art by kinde,  
to womans kinde agree.  
But if you can not finde  
in hart my lyfe to save,  
But that you long to see  
your thrall lye deade in grave,  
Sende mee the fatall toole  
and cruell cutting knife,  
And thou shalt see me rid  
my wretched limmes of life,  
No leffe to like thy minde  
than to abridge my smart;  
Which were an yll rewarde  
for such a good defart.  
Of both I count it leaft  
by curfed death to fall,  
Than ruthleffe here to live,  
and aye to be a thrall.

*To his Friende, to be constant after choise made.*

WHAT made Ulyffes wife  
to be renowned so?  
What forced Fame hir endleffe brute  
in blasting trumpe to blow?  
What Cleopatra causde  
to have immortall prayse?  
What did procure Lucrecias laude  
to lasten to our dayes?

Cause they their plighted hestes  
 unbroken aye reservde,  
 And planted constance in their harts  
 from whome they never swervde.  
 What makes the marble stone  
 and diamond so deare ?  
 Save that the[y] longest last of all,  
 and alwayes one appeare ?  
 What makes the waxen forme  
 to be of slender price,  
 But cause with force of fire it melts,  
 and wasteth with a trice ?  
 Then, if thou long for prayse,  
 or blasted fame to finde,  
 (My friend) thou must not change thy choyce,  
 or turne lyke cock with winde :  
 Be constant in thy worde,  
 and stable in thy deede :  
 This is the readiest way to win  
 and purchase prayse with speede.

*Counsell returned by Pyndara to Tymetes of Constauncie.*

WHAT made the Troyan duke,  
 that wandring prince, to have  
 Such yll report, and foule defame  
 as him Carthago gave ?  
 What faythlesse Jason forcde  
 a traytors name to gaine,  
 When he to Colchos came, and did  
 the golden Fleefe attaine ?



What Theseus caufde to bee  
    reported of fo yll,  
As yet record thereof remaynes  
    (I think) and ever wyll?  
Cause they their faithfull friendes,  
    that favde their doubtfull lyves,  
Forfooke at last, and did disdaine  
    to take them to their wyves.  
They brake their vowed hestes;  
    by ship away they went,  
And so betrayde those fiely soules  
    that craft nor falsehood ment.  
Wherefore if you (my friend)  
    the like report will flee,  
Stand ever to the promise made,  
    and plighted troth to mee.  
Those dames of whome you spake  
    were constant (as you say),  
But fure these lovers I alleadge  
    unfaithfull parts did play.  
More cause have I to doubt  
    of you (Tymetes) then,  
For (as you see) we women are  
    more trustie than you men.

*The Lovers must not dispaire, though their Ladies  
    seeme straunge.*

THOUGH Neptune in his rage  
    the swelling seas doe tosse,

And crack the cables in despite,  
     to further shipmens losse ;  
 Though ancker holde doe fayle,  
     and myffon go to wrack,  
 Though fayles with bluftring blaft be rent,  
     and keale begin to crack ;  
 Yet thofe that are a boorde,  
     and guide the fhip with fteare,  
 Although they fee fuch daungers preft  
     and perils to appeare,  
 Yet hope to light at laft  
     upon fome harbour holde,  
 And finde a porte where they to caft  
     their anckers may be bolde.  
 Though theeves be kept in gayle  
     faft bound in fureft gyves,  
 They lay not all good hope afide  
     for faving of their lives :  
 They trust at length to fee  
     fuch mercie in the judge,  
 As they, in open prefence quit,  
     may from the prifon trudge.  
 And thofe for greedie gaine,  
     and hope of hidden golde,  
 In deepeft mynes and dungeon darck  
     that byde the bitter colde,  
 In fine, doe looke to light  
     upon fome golden vaine,  
 Which may be thought a recompence  
     for all their paffed paine.  
 The ploughman eke that toyles  
     and turnes the ground for graine,

And fowes his feede (perhaps to loffe)  
yet standes in hope of gaine :  
He will not once dispaire,  
but hope till harvest fall,  
And then will look assuredly  
to stufte his barnes withall.  
Since thefe in perils point  
will never once dispaire,  
Then why should louers stand in dread  
of stormes in weather faire ?  
Why should they have mistrust  
some better hap to finde,  
Or think that women will not change,  
as is their woonted kinde ?  
Though fraunge they seeme a while,  
and cruell for a space,  
Yet see thou hope at length by hap  
to finde some better grace ;  
For tygers will be tame,  
and lyons that were woode,  
In time their keepers learne to knowe  
and come to them for foode.  
What though they scorne as now  
to listen to thy sute,  
Yet thou in time, when fortunes serues,  
shalt reape some better frute.  
And though thy fighes they scorne,  
and mock thy welling teares,  
Yet hope (I say), for after stormes  
the shining sunne appears.  
And never cease to sue,  
nor from lamenting stint ;

For often drops of falling raine  
 in time doe pierce the flint.  
 Was never stone so strong,  
 nor womans hart so harde,  
 But thone with toole, and thother with teares  
 in proceffe might be scarde.

*A Letter sent by Tymetes to his Ladie Pyndara at the  
 time of his departure.*

OF pennes I had good store,  
 ne paper did I want,  
 When I began to write to thee,  
 but inck was somewhat scant ;  
 Yet Loue devisde a fetch,  
 a friendly sleight at neede,  
 For I with pointed penfill made  
 my middle finger bleede :  
 From whence the bloud, as from  
 a cloven conduite, flue,  
 And these fewe rude and skilleffe lines  
 with quaking quill I drue.  
 Now, friend, I must depart,  
 and leave this lyked lande :  
 Now canckred hap doth force me take  
 a new found toyle in hande.  
 Shee spites that I should live,  
 or leade a quiet life,  
 Aye seeking how to breede my bale,  
 and make my sorrowes rife.

From whence I passe I knowe,  
    a place of pleasant blisse,  
But wither I shall I wote not well,  
    I know not where it is ;  
Where she by sea or lande  
    me (cruell) will compell  
To passe, or by the defart dales,  
    were verie hard to tell.  
But needes I must away,  
    the westerne winde doth blowe  
So full against my back that I  
    of force from hence doe go :  
Yet naythelesse in pawne  
    (O friend) I leave with you  
A faithfull hart, that lasting lyfe  
    will shewe it selfe as true,  
As looving earst it hath :  
    and if mee trust you dare,  
Fill up the emptie place with yours,  
    if you the same may spare.  
Inclose it in my breast ;  
    in safetie shall it lie,  
And thou shalt have thy hart againe,  
    if I doe chauce to die.  
Thus dubble is your gaine,  
    a dubble hart to have,  
To purchase thee another hart,  
    and eke thine owne to save.  
Live mindefull of thy friend,  
    forget not promise past ;  
Be stoute against the stubborne strokes  
    of frowarde Fortunes blast.

Penelope, be true  
     to thy Ulyffes still :  
 Let no newe chofen friend breake off  
     the threed of our good will.  
 Though I on feas doe paffe,  
     the furge will have no powre  
 To quench the flame that in my breaft  
     increafeth day and howre.  
 And thus (the hart that is  
     your owne) doth wifh thee well,  
 With good increafe of bleffed haps  
     finifter chaunce to quell.  
 Aduē, my chofen friend :  
     if Fortune fay Amen,  
 From hence I go thine owne, and will  
     thine owne returne agen.

*Pyndaras aunfwere to the Letter which Tymetes ſent hir  
 at the time of his departure.*

When firſt thy letters came  
     (O loving friend) to mee,  
 I leapt for joy, in hope to have  
     receyvde good newes of thee.  
 I never ſtayde upon  
     thoſe lines that were without ;  
 But raſhly ript the ſeale, to rid  
     my minde from dreadfull dout.  
 Which done (Oh cruell grieſe !)  
     I ſaw a mournfull fight :

This verfe (of pennes I had good ftore)  
with purple bloud ywright.  
With flouds of flowing teares  
ftraight drowned were mine cies ;  
On eyther cheeke they trickled faft,  
and ranne in river wies.  
My minde did yll abode,  
it yrkt to read the reft ;  
For when I faw the inck was fuch,  
I thought I faw the beft.  
Long ftood I in a dumpe,  
my hart began to ake ;  
My liver leapt within my bulck,  
my trembling hands did fhake :  
My fenfes were bereft,  
my bowing knees did bende ;  
Out from my nofe the bloud it brake,  
much like the letter pende.  
Up ftart my ftaring locks,  
I lay for dead a fpace ;  
And what with bloud and brine I all  
bedewde the dreerie place.  
From out my feeble fift  
fell needle, cloth and all ;  
I knewe no wight, I faw no funne,  
as deafe as ftone in wall.  
At laft, when ftanders by  
had brought my fenfe againe,  
And force of life had conquered grieffe  
and banifht deadly paine,  
I thought the worft was paf ;  
I deemde I could abide

No greater torment than I had,  
     unlesse I should have dide.  
 To vewing then againe  
     of bloudie lynes I go,  
 And ever as I read the words,  
     mee thought I saw the blo  
 Which pointed penfell gave,  
     from whence that dolefull inck  
 As from a cloven conduit flue :  
     remembrance make me shrinck.  
 Oh, friend Tymetes, why  
     so cruell were thou than ?  
 What didst thou meane to hurt thy flesh,  
     thou rash and retchlesse man ?  
 What ! didst thou deeme that I  
     could vew that gorie scrole  
 Withouten anguish of the minde ?  
     or think vpon the hole  
 Of that thy friendly fist  
     and finger that did bleede ?  
 No, no ; I have a womans hart,  
     I am no tygers seede.  
 As great a griefe it was  
     for me to think in hart  
 Of thy mishap, as if my selfe .  
     had felt the present smart.  
 O cruell curfed want  
     of fitter inck to write !  
 Good fayth, that lycour was unmeete  
     such loving lines tindite.  
 But yet in some respect  
     it fitted with the case ;



For (out alas) I read therein  
that thou hast fled the place,  
Where friendly we were woont  
like faithfull friends to bee ;  
Where thou moughtst chat with me thy fill,  
and I conferre with thee.  
Oh spitefull cruell chaunce !  
oh curfed canckred fate !  
Art thou a goddesse (monster vile)  
deserving stoole of state ?  
O blinde and muffled dame !  
couldst thou not see to spare  
Two faithfull harts, but reaving thone  
must breede the others care ?  
No woonder tis that thou  
doft stande on whirling wheele ;  
For by thy deedes thou doft declare  
thou canst doe nought but reele.  
Art thou of womans kinde  
and ruthfull goddesse race,  
And hast no more respect unto  
a fielie womans case ?  
Avaunt, thou froward fiend !  
thou so my friend doft drive  
From shore well knowne to forraine coast  
our sugred joyes to rive.  
If so thy minde be bent  
that my Tymetes shall  
Depart the presence of his friend,  
yet so doe guide the ball  
As he at lande may live,  
not trying surge of seas ;

Nor ship him from the havens mouth  
 to breede him more uneafe.  
 (Good friend) adventure not  
 so rashly on the flood,  
 As earst thou didst in writing of  
 this letter with thy blood.  
 Seeke not tincrease my cares,  
 or dubble griefe begoon ;  
 Think of Leanders bolde attempt  
 the like distresse to shoon.  
 What suretie is in ship ?  
 what trust in oken plancks ?  
 What credit doe the windes deserve,  
 at lande that play such prancks ?  
 If houses strongly built,  
 and towers battled hie,  
 By force of blast be overthrowne  
 when Æols impes doe flie :  
 In puffing windes the pine  
 and aged oke doe teare,  
 And from the bodies rent the boughes  
 and loftie lugges they beare :  
 Then, why shouldst thou affie  
 in keale or cable so,  
 Or hazard thus thy selfe upon  
 the tossing seas to go ?  
 Hast thou not heard of yore  
 how good Ulyffes was  
 With stormie tempest chased fore  
 when he to Greece did did passe ?  
 A wearie travaile hee  
 for ten yeaes space abid,

And all the while this noble Greeke  
on waltring wallow flid.  
Haft thou not read in bookes  
of fell Charybdis goulfe,  
And Scyllas dogs, whome ships doe dread  
as lambes doe feare the woulfe ?  
Nor of the raggie rocks  
that underlurck the wave,  
And rent the barecks that Æols blafts  
into their bofome drave ?  
Not of the monfters huge  
that belch out frothie fleame,  
And finging firens that doe drowne  
both man and fhip in ftream ?  
Alas ! the thought of feas,  
and of thy paffage paines  
(If once thou gage thy felfe to furge)  
my hart and members ftaines.  
The prefent fits of feare  
of afterclaps to cum,  
Amaze my loving tender breaft,  
and fenfes doe benum.  
But needes thou muft away,  
(oh friend) what hap is this  
That ere thou flie this friendly coaft  
thy lips I can not kiffe :  
Nor with my folded armes  
imbrace that neck of thine,  
Nor clap unto thy manly breaft  
theſe loving duges of mine :  
Not fhed my trilling teares  
upon thy moiſted face,

Nor fay to thee (Tymet, adue)  
     when thou departst the place.  
 O that I had thy forme  
     in waxen table now,  
 To represent thy lively lookes  
     and friendly loving brow !  
 That mought perhaps abridge  
     some part of pinching paine,  
 And comfort me, till better chaunce  
     did fend thee home againe.  
 Both winde and wave atonce  
     conspire to worke my wo,  
 Or else thou shouldst not so be forst  
     from me (thine owne) to go.  
 O wayward westerne blast !  
     what didst thou meane so full  
 Against Tymetes back to blow,  
     and him from hence to pull ?  
 Haft thou bene counted earst  
     a gentle gale of winde,  
 And dost thou now at length bewray  
     thy fierce and frowarde kinde ?  
 I thought the northern blast,  
     from frostie pole that came,  
 Had bene the worst of all the windes  
     and most deserved blame ;  
 But now I plainly see  
     that poets did but faine  
 When they of Boriasis spake so yll,  
     and of his cruell raigne :  
 For thou of Æols brats  
     thy selfe the worst dost showe ;

And having no iust caufe of rage  
to foone beginft to blowe.  
If needes thou wouldft have ufde  
thy force and fretting moode,  
Thou fhouldft have broyld among the trees  
that in the mountaines ftoode,  
And let us friends alone  
that livde in perfite bliffe ;  
But to request the windes of ruth  
but labor loft it is.  
Well (friend) though cruell hap  
and windes did both agree,  
That thou on fodaine shouldft forgo  
both countrie coaft and mee,  
Yet have I founde the pawne  
which thou didft leave behinde :  
I meane thy loving faithfull hart,  
that never was unkinde.  
And for that firme behest  
and plighted truth of youre,  
Wherein you vow that love begoon  
fhall to the death endure,  
To yelde thee thy demaunde  
my written lines proteft ;  
Inclofe my hart within thy bulck  
as I will thine in brest.  
Shrine up that little lump  
of friendly flefh (my friend)  
And I will lodge in loving wife  
the gueft that thou didft fend.  
I joy at this exchange :  
for I affured ftande,

Thy tender hart that I doe keepe  
 shall safelie lie at lande.  
 Nor doe I doubt at all  
 but thou wilt have regarde  
 Of that thy charge, and womans hart  
 committed to thy warde.  
 Why doft thou write of death?  
 I trust thou fhalt not die,  
 As long as in thy manly breaft  
 a womans hart doth lie:  
 To cruell were the cafe,  
 the Sisters eake were fhroes,  
 If they woulde feeke the death of us,  
 that are fuch friendly foes.  
 But if the worft fhould fall,  
 and that the cruell death  
 Doe ftop the fpindles of our life,  
 and reave us both of breath,  
 Yet this doth make me joy,  
 that thou fhalt be the grave  
 Unto my hart, and in my breft  
 that hart [h]is hierce fhall have.  
 For fure a funder fhall  
 thefe members never go,  
 As long as life in lims doth lodge  
 and breath in lungs bylow.  
 I mindefull live of thee,  
 and of my promife paf; ;  
 I will not feeke to change my choife,  
 my love is fixed faft.  
 To my Tymetes I  
 as faithfull will be found,

As to Ulyffes was his wife,  
    whilst Troie was laide on ground.  
As for new choise of friends,  
    presume upon thy P.  
Thou knowst I have thy hart in breast,  
    and it will none but thee.  
Abandon all distrust,  
    and dread of mistie minde ;  
For to the hart (that is mine owne)  
    I will not be unkinde.  
Aduē, my chofen friend,  
    Aduē to thee agen ;  
Remaine my love, but pray the write  
    no more with bloudie pen.  
Thine owne in life, thine owne in death,  
Thine owne whilst lungs shall lende me breath ;  
Thine owne whilst I on earth doe wonne,  
Thine owne whilst I shall see the sonne.

*To his absent Friend the Lover writes of his unquiet  
and restlesse state.*

THOUGH curious skill I want to wel endite,  
And I of sacred Nymphs and Muses nine  
Was never taught w<sup>t</sup> poets pen to write,  
Nor barrain braine to learning did incline  
To purchase prayse, or with the best to shine,  
Yet cause my friend shall finde no want of will  
I write : let hir accuse the lack of skill.  
No lesse deserves the lambe to be imbraft

Of lowring Jove at sacred altar flaine,  
 If with good zeale it offred be at last  
 By Irus, than doe Cræfus bullocks twaine :  
 For no respect is to be had of gaine  
 In such affayres; but to the givers hart,  
 And his good will, our senses must convert.

Wherefore to thee (my friend) these lines I fend  
 As perfitte proufe of no difsembling minde,  
 But of a hart that truely doth intend  
 To shew it selfe as loving and as kinde,  
 As woman woulde hir lover wish to finde :  
 And more than this my paper can declare ;  
 I love thee (friend) and wish thee well to fare.

I would thou wist the torment I sustaine  
 For lack of hir that should my wo redresse,  
 And that you knew some parcell of my paine,  
 Which none may well by deeming judgement gesse,  
 Nor I with quill have cunning to expresse :  
 I know thou couldst but rue my wofull chaunce,  
 That by thy meanes was brought into this traunce.

The day doth breede my doole, and ranckling rage  
 Of secret smart in wounded breast doth boyle ;  
 No pleasant pangue my sorrowes may asswage,  
 Nor give an ende unto my wofull toyle :  
 The golden Sunne that glads the earthly foyle,  
 And erie other thing that breeds delight  
 Of kinde, to mee are forgers of my spite.

I long for Phæbus glade and going downe,  
 My drearie teares more covertly to shed ;  
 But when the night with uglye face doth frowne,  
 And that I am yplaste in quiet bed,



In hope to be with wished pleasure fed,  
A greater grieſe, a worſer paine enſues.  
My vaporde eies their hoped ſleepe reſues.

Then rowle I in my deepe diſpayring breſt  
The ſweete diſdaines, and pleaſant anger paſt,  
The lovely ſtrifes : when ſtars doe counſell reſt  
Incroaching cares renew my grieſe as faſte,  
And thus deſired night in wo I waſte ;  
And to expreſſe the harts exceſſive paine,  
Mine eies their deawie teares diſtill amaine.

And reaſon why they ſhould be moyſted fo  
Is, for they bred my hart this bitter bale ;  
They were the onely cauſe of cruell wo  
Unto the hart, they were the guilefull ſtale.  
Thus day and night, ytoſt with churliſh gale  
Of ſighes in ſea of furling brine, I bide,  
Not knowing how to ſcape the ſcowering tide.

At laſt the ſhining rayes of hope to finde  
Your frienſhip firme, theſe cloudy thoughts repels,  
And calmed ſkie returnes to miſtie minde,  
Which deepe diſpaire againe eſtſoone compels  
Too fade, and eaſe by dolours drift expels :  
That gods themſelves (I judge) lament my fate,  
And doe repine to ſee my wofull ſtate.

Wherefore to purchaſe prayſe, and glorie gaine,  
Do eaſe your friend that lives in wretched plight,  
Doc not to death a loving hart conſtraine,  
But ſeeke with love his ſervice to requight,  
Doe not exchange a fawcon for a kite :  
Reſuſe him not for any frienſhip nue,  
A worſe may chaunce, but none more juſt and true.

Let Cressed myrror bee, that did forgo  
 Hir former faythfull friend, King Priams sonne,  
 And Diomed the Greeke imbraced so,  
 And left the love so well that was begonne :  
 But when hir cards were tolde and twist yfponne,  
 She found hir Trojan friend the best of both,  
 For he renounst hir not, but kept his oth.

This don, my griping griefs will fomwhat fwage,  
 And sorrow cease to grow in pensive breast,  
 Which otherwise will never blin to rage,  
 And crush the hart within his carefull cheast.  
 Of both for you and mee it were the best,  
 To save my life and win immortall fame,  
 And thus my muse shall blafe your noble name  
 For ruine on my wofull case.

*The aunswere of a woman to hir Lover, supposing his  
 complaint to be but fayned.*

YOU want no skill to paint  
 or shew your pangues with pen :  
 It is a worlde to see the craft  
 that is in subtile men !  
 You seeme to write of woes  
 and wayle for deadly smart,  
 As though there were no grieffe but that  
 which gripes your faythlesse hart.  
 Though we but women are,  
 and weake by lawe of kinde,  
 Yet well we can discerne a friende :  
 we winke, but are not blinde.

Not every thing that gives  
    a gleame and glittering showe,  
Is to be counted gold in deede;  
    this proverb well you knowe :  
Nor every man that beares  
    a faire and fawning cheere,  
Is to be taken for a friend,  
    or chofen for a feere :  
Not everie teare declares  
    the troubles of the hart ;  
For some doe weepe that feele no wo,  
    some crie that taste no smart.  
The more you seeme to me  
    in wofull wise to playne,  
The fooner I perswade my selfe  
    that you doe nought but fayne.  
The crocodile by kinde  
    a floud of teares doth shed,  
Yet hath no cause of cruell crie ;  
    by craft this fiend is led :  
For when the fiely foule,  
    that ment no hurt at all,  
Approcheth neere, the flipper ground  
    doth give the beaft a fall,  
Which is no fooner done,  
    but straight the monster vyle,  
For forrow that did weepe so fore,  
    for joy beginnes to smyle.  
Even so you men are woont  
    by fraude your friends to traine,  
And make in wise you could not sleepe  
    in carefull couch for paine :

When you in deede doe nought  
     but take your nightly nap,  
 Or having slept, doe set your snare  
     and tulle your guilefull trap.  
 Your braynes as busie bee  
     in thinking how to snare  
 Us women, as your pillowes soft  
     and bowlsters pleafant are.  
 As for your dayes delights,  
     our selves can witnesse well  
 To fundrie women fundrie tales  
     of fundrie jestes you tell :  
 And all to win their loves,  
     which when you doe attaine,  
 Within a while you shew your kindes,  
     and give them up in plaine.  
 A fawcon is full hard  
     amongft you men to finde,  
 For all your maners more agree  
     unto the kytish kinde ;  
 For gentle is the one,  
     and loves his keepers hande,  
 But thother bufferdlike doth scorne  
     on fawckners fist to stande.  
 For one good turne the one  
     a thousand will requite ;  
 But use the other nere so well,  
     he shewth himfelse a kite.  
 If Cresyd did amiffe  
     the Troian to forsake,  
 Then Dyomedes did not well  
     that did the ladie take.

Was never woman false,  
but man as false as shee,  
And commonly the men doe make  
that women slipper bee.  
Wherefore leave off your plaints,  
and take the sheete of shame  
To shrowde your cloking harts from colde,  
and fayning browes from blame.  
Yf she that reades this rime  
be wise as I could wishe,  
She will avoyde the bayted hooke  
that takes the biting fishe ;  
And shoon the lymed twig,  
the flying foule that tyes :  
Tis good to feare of erie bush  
where threed of thraldome lyes.

*The Lover exhorteth his Ladie to take time, while time is.*

THOUGH brave your beautie be,  
and feature passing faire,  
Such as Apelles to depaint  
might utterly dispaire,  
Yet drowfie drouping age,  
incroching on apace,  
With pensive plough will raze your hue  
and beauties beames deface.  
Wherefore in tender yeares  
how crooked age doth haste  
Revoke to minde, fo shall you not  
your minde consume in waste.

Whilst that you may, and youth  
in you is fresh and greene,  
Delight your selfe ; for yeares to fit  
as fickle clouds are seene.  
For water slipped by  
may not be calde againe,  
And to revoke forepassed howres  
were labour lost in vaine :  
Take time whilst time applies ;  
with nimble foote it goes,  
Nor to compare with passed prime  
thy after age suppoes.  
The holtes that now are hoare,  
both bud and bloume I fawe :  
I ware a garlande of the bryer  
that puts me now in awe.  
The time will be, when thou  
that dost thy friends desie,  
A colde and crooked beldam shalt  
in lothsome cabbin lie :  
Nor with such nightlie brawles  
thy posterne gate shall founde,  
Nor roses strawde afront thy dore  
in dawning shall be founde.  
How soone are corpses (Lorde)  
with filthie furrowes fild !  
How quickly beautie, brave of late,  
and seemely shape, is spild !  
Even thou that from thy youth  
to have bene so, wilt sweare,  
With turne of hand in all thy head  
shalt have graye powdred heare.

The snakes with shifted skinnes  
their lothsome age dooway ;  
The buck doth hang [h]is head on pale  
to live a longer day.  
Your good without recure  
doth passe, receive the flowre :  
Which, if you pluck not from the stalke,  
will fall within this howre.

*The Lover wisheth to be conjoynd and fast linckt with his  
Ladie, never to sunder.*

I READE how Salmacis sometime with sight  
On fodaine loovde Cyllenus sonne, and fought  
Forthwith with all hir powre and forced might  
Too bring to passe hir close conceyved thought :  
Whome, as by hap she saw in open mead,  
She sude unto, in hope to have bene spead.

With sugred words she wood, & sparde no speach,  
But bourded him with many a pleasant tale,  
Requesting him of ruth to be hir leach,  
For whome she had abid such bitter bale ;  
But hee, replete with pride and scornefull cheare,  
Disdainde hir earnest sute and songs to heare.

Away shee went, a wofull wretched wight,  
And shrowded hir not farre from thence a space :  
When that at length the stripling saw in sight  
No creature there, but all were out of place,  
Hee shifts his robes and to the river ran,  
And there to bath him bare the boy began.

The nymph in hope as then to have attainde  
 Hir long desired love, retirde to flood,  
 And in hir armes the naked noorie strainde:  
 Whereat the boy began to strive a good,  
 But strugling nought availed in that plight,  
 For why, the nymph surpast the boy in might.

O Gods! (quoth tho the girle) this gift I crave,  
 This boy and I may never part againe,  
 But so our corpes may conjoynd have  
 As one we may appeare, not bodies twaine.  
 The gods agreed, the water so it wrought,  
 As both were one: thy selfe would so have thought.

As from a tree we fundrie times espie  
 A twissell grow by Natures subtile might;  
 And being two, for cause they grow so nie,  
 For one are tane, and so appeare in fight.  
 So was the nymph and noorie joynde yfere,  
 As two no more, but one selfe thing they were.

O ladie mine! howe might we seeme ybest;  
 How friendly mought we gods account to bee,  
 In semblant fort if they woulde breede my rest  
 By lincking of my carkasse unto thee!  
 So that we might no more a funder go,  
 But limmes to limmes, & corse to carkasse grow.

O! where is now become that blessed lake  
 Wherein those two did bath to both their joy?  
 How might we doe, or such provision make  
 To have the hap as had the maiden boy?  
 To alter forme and shape of either kinde,  
 And yet in proufe of both a share to finde?

Then should our limmes w<sup>t</sup> lovely linck be tide.



And harts of hate no taste sustaine at all,  
 But both for aye in perfite league abide,  
 And eche to other live as friendly thrall :  
 That thone might feele the pangues the other had,  
 And partner be of ought that made him glad.

O bleffed nymph! O Salmacys! I faye,  
 Would thy good luck unto hir lot would light,  
 Whome I imbrace, and loven shall for aye,  
 By force of flood to chaunge hir nature quight :  
 And that I might have hap, as had the boy,  
 To never part from hir that is my joy.

I would not strive, I would not stirre awhit,  
 (As did Cyllenus sonne, that stately wight) ;  
 But well content to be hermaphrodit,  
 Would cling as close to thee as ere I might,  
 And laugh to thinke my hap so good to bee,  
 As in such fort fast to be linckt with thee.

*The Lover, hoping assuredly of attaining his purpose after  
 long sute, begins to joy renouncing dolours.*

BE farre from mee, you wofull woonted cries,  
 A due, dispaire, that madste my hart agries :  
 Ye sobbing sighes farewell, and pensive plaint,  
 Resigne your roomes to joy, y<sup>e</sup> long restraint  
 Without defart endure.

Reject those ruthfull rymes y<sup>u</sup> (quaking quill)  
 Which both declarede my wo and want of skill :  
 (Mine eies) that long have had my love in chafe,  
 With teares no more imbrue your mystresse face,  
 But to your springs retyre.

And thou (my hart) that long for lack of grace  
 Forepinde haft bene and in a doolefull cafe,  
 Lament no more ; let all fuch gripings go  
 As bred thy bale, and nurft thy cankred wo

With milke of mournfull dug.

To Venus doe your due (you fenfes all)  
 And to hir fonne to whome you are in thrall :  
 To Cupid bend thy knee, and thanks repay  
 That after lingred fute, and long delay,

Hath brought thy fhip to fhore.

Let crabbed fortune now exprefse hir might,  
 And doe thy worft to me, thou ftinging fpite ;  
 My hart is well defenft againft your force,  
 For fhe hath vowde on mee to have reniorce

Whome I have loovde fo long.

Henceforth exchange thy cheere, and wofull voice  
 That haft yfounde fuch matter to rejoice :  
 With mirrie quill, and pen of pleafant plight,  
 Thy blisfull haps and fortune to endight,

Enforce thy barraine skull.

*The Lover to his carefull bed, declaring his refllefse ftate.*

THOU that wert earft a reftfull place  
 doft now renue my fmart,  
 And woonted eake to falve my fore  
 that now increafeft wo,  
 Unto my carefull corfe an eafe,  
 a torment to my hart,  
 Once quieter of minde perdie,  
 now an unquiet fo :

The place fometime of flumbring sleepe  
    wherein I may but wake,  
Drenched in sea of faltifh brine,  
    (O bed) I thee forfake.  
No ife of Apenynus top  
    my flaming fire may quent,  
Ne heate of brighteft Phœbus beames  
    may bate my chillie colde :  
Nought is of ftately strength ynough  
    my forrowes to relent,  
But (fuch is hap) renewed cares  
    are added to the olde :  
Such furious fits and fonde affects  
    in mee my fanfies make,  
That bathed all in trickling teares,  
    (O bed) I thee forfake.  
The dreames that daunt my dazed hed  
    are pleafant for a fpace :  
Whilft yet I lie in flumbring sleepe  
    my carkaffe feeles no wo,  
For caufe I feeme with clasped armes  
    my lover to imbrace ;  
But when I wake and finde away  
    that did delight me fo,  
Then in comes care to pleasures place,  
    that makes my limmes to quake ;  
That all besprent with brackifh bryne,  
    (O bed) I thee forfake.  
No fooner ftirres Auroras ftarre,  
    the lighteft lampe of all,  
But they that rousted were in reft,  
    not fraught with fearefull dreames,

Do pack apace to labours left,  
     and to their taske doe fall :  
 When I, awaking all inragde,  
     doe baine my breast with streames,  
 And make my smokie sighes to skies  
     their upward way to take :  
 Thus with a surge of teares bedewde,  
     (O bed) I thee forsake.  
 Thus hurld from hungrie hope by hap  
     I die, yet am alive :  
 From pangues of plaint to fits of fume  
     my restlesse minde doth runne,  
 With rage and fansie reason fights,  
     they altogether strive :  
 Resistaunce vayleth naught at all,  
     for I am quickly wunne.  
 Thus seeking rest no ruth I finde  
     that gladfome joy may make,  
 Wherefore, confumde with flowing teares  
     (O bed) I thee forsake.

*An Epitaph and wofull verse of the death of Sir John  
 Tregonwell, Knight, and learned Doctor  
 of both Lawes.*

AND can you cease from plaint,  
     or keepe your conduits drie ?  
 May saltish brine within your breasts  
     in such a tempest lie ?  
 Where are your scalding sighes,  
     the fittest foode of paine ?

And where are now thy welling teares,  
I aske thee once againe ?  
Hast thou not heard of late  
the losse that hath befell ?  
If not, my felse (unhappie wight)  
will now begin to tell :  
(Though griefe perhaps will grutch,  
and stay my foltring tongue)  
From whence this ragged roote of ruth  
and mourning moode is sprong.  
Was dwelling in this sheere  
a man of worthie fame,  
A justicer for his defart,  
Tregonwell was his name :  
A doctour at the lawes,  
A knight among the mo ;  
A Cato for good counsell callde,  
as he in yeares did grow :  
A patrone to the poore,  
a rampire to the rest ;  
As leefe unto the simple forte,  
as friendly to the best.  
No blinde affect his eie  
in judgement blearde at all,  
Whose righteous verdit and decree  
was quite devoyde of gall.  
If he in hatefull hartes  
(where roote of rancour grew)  
Of faythfull friendship feedes might fow,  
no paines he would eschew.  
Minerva thought of like,  
and Nature did consent

To prove in him by skilfull arte  
    what eyther could invent.  
A plot of such a price  
    was never framde before ;  
To show their powre the heavens had  
    Tregonwell kept in store.  
The prince did him imbrace,  
    and fought him to advaunce,  
And better former state of birth  
    by furthering of his chaunce :  
He still was readie bent  
    his service to bestowe,  
Thereby unto his native soyle  
    if gratefull gaine might growe.  
If sage advise were scarce,  
    and wholesome counsell scant,  
Then should you see Tregonwels helpe,  
    ne wifedome would not want.  
When Legats came from farre  
    (as is their woonted guife)  
To treat of truce, or talke of warre,  
    as matters did arise,  
Tregonwell then was calde  
    his verdict to expresse,  
Who for the most part in the case  
    of fruitfull things could geffe.  
Or if himselfe were sent  
    (which hap Tregonwell had)  
Into a farre and forraine lande,  
    then was Tregonwell glad ;  
For so he might procure  
    wealepublick by his paine :

It was no corrie to this knight  
    long travaile to fustaine.  
But what? undaunted death  
    that feeke to conquer all,  
And Atropos that goddesse sterne  
    at length have spit their gall,  
And rest us such a one  
    as was a Phœnix true,  
Save that now of his cindrie corfe  
    there rifeth not a nue.  
Where may you see his match?  
    where shall you find his lecke?  
None, though you from the farthest caft  
    unto the ocean feeke.  
O house without thy head!  
    O ship without a steare!  
Thy Palynurus now is dead,  
    as shortly will appeare.  
In daunger of distresse  
    this knight was ever woont  
To yeelde himfelfe to perils prest,  
    and bide the greateft broont.  
No tumults tempest could  
    subdue his constant hart,  
Ne would the man by any meanes  
    once from his countrie start.  
But (oh) it naught availes,  
    for death doth strike the stroke  
In things humaine; no worldly wealth  
    his friendship may provoke.  
Let Trojans now leave off  
    by mourning to lament

The losse of Priam and his towne,  
     when ten yeares warre was spent.  
 Yee Romaines lay your hoods  
     and black attire away :  
 Bewaile no more your Fabians fall,  
     nor that sinifter day  
 That rest a noble race  
     which might have florisht long ;  
 For neither losse is like to this  
     our not deserved wrong.  
 Now Cornwall thou mayst crake,  
     and Dorset thou mayst crie,  
 For thone hath bred, and thother lost  
     Tregonwell sodainelie.  
 Whose corps, though earthed bee  
     in lothsome lumps of foyle,  
 His peerelesse prayse by vertue woon  
     shall never feare the foyle.  
 Who so therefore shalt see  
     this marble where he lies,  
 With that Tregonwels soule may finde  
     a place above the skies,  
 And reach a rowme of rest  
     appointed for the nones ;  
 For in this tombe interred is  
     but flesh and bared bones.

*The Lover confesseth himselfe to be in love, and enamored  
 of Mistresse P.*

If banisht sleepe, and watchfull care,  
 If minde affright with dreadfull dreames,



If torments rife, and pleafure rare,  
If face befmearde with often freames ;  
If chaunge of cheare from joy to fmart,  
If altred hue from pale to red,  
If foltring tongue with trembling hart,  
If fobbing fighes with furie fed ;  
If fodaine hope by feare opprest,  
If feare by hope fuppreft againe,  
Be proves that love within the brest  
Hath bound the hart with fanfies chaine :

Then I of force no longer may  
In covert keepe my pierfing flame,  
Which ever doth it felfe bewray,  
But yeelde my felfe to fanfies frame.  
And now in fine to be a thrall  
To hir that hath my hart in gyve,  
Shee may enforce me rife or fall,  
Till death my limmes of life deprive.  
P. with hir beautie hath bereft  
My freedome from my thralled minde,  
And with hir loving lookes ycleft  
My reafon through both barke and rinde ;  
Yet well therewith I am content  
In minde to take it patiently,  
Since, fure I am, fhe will relent,  
And not enforce hir friende to die.

So I in recompence may have  
Naught but a faithfull hart againe ;  
Then other friendship will I crave,  
But think my loue ylent to gaine.

*That all things have release of paine save the Lover, that  
hoping and dreading never taketh ease.*

WHAT so the golden funne  
    beholdes with blazing light,  
When paine is past, hath time to take  
    his comfort and delight.  
The oxe with lumpish pace  
    and leasure that doth drawe,  
Hath respite, after toyle is past,  
    to fill his emptie mawe.  
The lolearde asse that beares  
    the burden on his back,  
His dutie done, to stable plods,  
    and reacheth to the rack.  
The deere hath woonted foyle  
    his servent heate to swage :  
When woorke hath ende, to respite runnes  
    the peasant and the page.  
The owle that hates the day,  
    and loves to flee by night,  
Hath queachie bushes to defende  
    him from Apollos fight.  
Eche cunnie hath a cave,  
    eche little foule a nest  
To shrowde them in at needefull times  
    to take their needefull rest.  
Thus vewing course of kinde,  
    it is not on the grounde,  
That at some time doth not resort  
    where is his comfort founde.

Save me (O curfed man)  
whome neither funne ne fhade  
Doth ferve the burthen of my breaft  
and forrowes to unlade.  
Eche fport procures my fmart,  
eche feemely fight annoy ;  
Eche pleafant tune torments mine eafe,  
and reaves my hoped joy.  
No mufick foundes fo fweete  
as doth the doolefull drum,  
For fomewhat neare unto my fmart  
that mournefull founde doth cum.  
A gally flave I feeme  
unto my felfe to bee :  
The mayfter that doth guide the fhip  
hath neare an eie to fee.  
You know where fuch a one  
as Cupid is doth feare :  
Amid the goulfe of deepe difpaire  
great perill muft appeare.  
In fteade of freaming fayles,  
hee wifhes hanges aloft,  
Which if in tempeft chaunce to teare,  
the barck will come to nought.  
For winde are fcaolding fighes,  
and fecret fobbings preft,  
Mixt with a cloude of fstormie teares  
to baine the lovers brest.  
Though Cupid neare fo well  
his beaten barck doe guie,  
By fleeing flats and finking fandcs  
that in the wallow lie,

Yet those that are a boorde  
 must ever stande in awe,  
 For cause a buffard is their guide,  
 not forcing any flawe ;  
 That followes none advice,  
 but bluntly runnes on hed,  
 As proude as peacock over those  
 that in his chaine ar led.  
 Thus may you plainly see  
 that eche thing hath release  
 Of pensive paine, save Cupids thralls,  
 whose torments aye increafe.

*A poore Ploughman to a Gentleman for whome he had  
 taken a little paines.*

YOUR culter cuts the foyle that earst was fowne,  
 Your harveft was forereaped long agoe,  
 Your sickle sheares the medowe y<sup>t</sup> was mowne,  
 Ere you the toyle of tilmans trade did knowe :  
 Good fayth you are beholding to the man  
 That so for you your husbandrie began.

He craves of you no silver for his feede,  
 Ne doth demaunde a penny for his graine ;  
 But if you stande at any time in neede,  
 (Good maister) be as bolde with him againe.  
 You can not doe a greater pleafure than  
 To choofe you such a one to be your man.

*To his Friende P: of Courting, Travailing, Dyfing,  
and Tenys.*

To live in Court among the crue is care,  
Is nothing there but dayly diligence ;  
Nor cap nor knee, nor money muft thou spare,  
The prince his haule is place of great expence.

In rotten ribbed barck to paffe the seas,  
The forraine landes and ftraungie fites to fee,  
Doth daunger dwell : the paffage breedes uneafe,  
Not fafe the foyle, the men unfriendly bee.

Admit thou fee the ftraungeft things of all,  
When cie is turnde the pleafant fight is gone :  
The treafure then of travaile is but fmall,  
Wherefore (friende P.) let all fuch toyes alone.

To fhake the bones, and cog the craftie dice,  
To carde in care of fodaine loffe of pence,  
Unfeemely is, and taken for a vice :  
Unlawfull play can have no good pretence.

Too band the ball doth caufe y<sup>e</sup> coine to waft,  
It melts as butter doth againft the funne ;  
Naught fave thy paine, when play doth ceafe, y<sup>u</sup> haft :  
Too studie then is beft when all is donne ;  
For studie ftayes and brings a pleafant gaine,  
When play doth paffe as glare w<sup>t</sup> guffhing raine.

*The Lover declares that unlesse he utter his sorrowes by  
fute, of force he dyeth.*

LYKE as the gunne that hath to great a charge,  
And pellet to the powder ramde so fore,  
As neyther of both hath powre to go at large,  
Till shiverd flaws in founding skies doe rore :

Even so my carefull breast, that fraughted is  
With Cupids ware, and cloide with lurcking love,  
Unlesse I shoulde disclose my drerines,  
And out of hande my troubled thoughts remove,

A funder woulde my cumbred carcaffie flee :  
The hart would breake the overcharged chace  
Of pensive breast ; and you (my love) should see  
Your faythfull friende in lamentable case.

Wherefore doe what you may in gentle wyes  
The gunner to assist in time of neede,  
And when you see the pellet pierce the skeyes,  
And powder make a proufe of hidden gleede :

Rue on his case, and seeke to quite his wo,  
Leaft in short time his gunne to peeces go.

*The Lover to a Friende that wrote him this sentence :  
Yours assured to the death.*

O FAITHFULL friend ! thrife happy was the fist  
In so few words to such effect that wrought :  
O friendly hart ! a thousand folde yblift  
That hath conceivde so just and joyfull thought,  
As not till death from pawned love to bende,  
But friend at first, and frind to be at ende.

Wherefore to countervaile those woords of thine,  
And quit thy love with faithfull hart againe,  
I vow that I will never once decline  
A foote from that I am for losse or gaine :  
If thou be mine *till death*, I the[e] assure  
To be thy friend *as long as life shall dure*.

*Of certaine flowers, sent him by his Love upon suspicion  
of chaunge.*

YOUR flowers for their hue  
were fresh and faire to see,  
Yet was your meaning not so true  
as you it thought to bee.  
In that you sent me bame,  
I judge you ment thereby,  
That cleane extinct was all my flame  
from whence no sparckes did flie.  
Your fenell did declare  
(as simple men can show)  
That flattrie in my breast I bare,  
where friendship ought to grow.  
A dayse doth expresse  
great follie to remaine :  
I speake it not by roate or geffe,  
your meaning was so plaine.  
Rosemarie put in minde  
that bayes weare out of thought ;  
And Loveinydle came behinde  
for love that long was fought.

Your cowflips did portende  
     that care was layde away ;  
 And eglantyne did make an ende  
     where sweete with fower lay ;  
 As though the leaves at furst  
     were sweete when love began,  
 But now in prooffe the pricks were curft,  
     and hurtfull to the man.

*The Anfwere to the fame.*

PERDIE I neede no bame,  
     ne forced heate by charme,  
 To fet my burning breaft in flame  
     whom Cupids gleames do warme.  
 On bayes is my delight,  
     Remembrance is not paf ;  
 Though dayfie hit the nayle aright,  
     my friendship aye fhall laft.  
 Though love in ydle bee,  
     yet will I not forgoe,  
 Ne caft off care as you fhall fee,  
     and time the trouth fhall fhowe.  
 So I may tafte the sweete,  
     I force not on the fowre :  
 The more is joy when friends doe meete,  
     that Fortune earft did lowre.  
 Your fenell failed quight  
     where fuch good fayth is ment ;  
 For bayes are onely my delight,  
     though I for bayes be fhent.



*Of a Foxe that woulde cate no Grapes.*

BY fortune came a foxe,  
    where grue a loftie vine :  
I will no grapes (quoth hee)  
    this yarde is none of mine.  
The foxe woulde none, bicaufe that hee  
Perceivde the highneffe of the tree.  
So men that foxlie are,  
    and long their lust to have,  
But cannot come thereby,  
    make wife they would not crave.  
Those subtill marchants will no wine,  
Bicaufe they cannot reach the vine.

*Of the straunge countenance of an aged Gentlewoman.*

IT makes me laugh a good to see thee lowre,  
    and long to looken fad ;  
For when thy crabbed countenance is so fowre,  
    thou art so seeming glad.  
I blame not thee but nature in his case,  
That might bestowde on thee a better grace.

*To the Roving Pyrat.*

THOU winste thy wealth by warre,  
    ungodly way to gaine ;  
And in a houre thy ship is funck,  
    goods drownde, the pirat flaine.

The gunne is all thy trust ;  
 it ferves thy cruell fo :  
 Then brag not on thy canon shot,  
 As though there were no mo.

*Of one that had little Wit.*

I thee advife,	}	{	Tis rare to get,
If thou be wife,			And farre to fet :
To keepe thy wit,			Twassever yit,
Though it be small :			Dearste ware of all.

*In commendation of Wit.*

WIT farre exceedeth wealth,  
 Wit princely pompe excels,  
 Wit better is than beauties beames,  
 Where pride and daunger dwels.  
 Wit matcheth kingly crowne,  
 Wit maisters witleffe rage ;  
 Wit rules the fonde affects of youth,  
 Wit guides the steps of age.  
 Wit wants no reasons skill  
 a faithfull friend to know :  
 Wit wotes full well the way to voide  
 the smooth and fleering fo.  
 Wit knowes what best becommes,  
 and what unfeemely showes :  
 Wit hath a wile to ware the worst,  
 Wit all good fashion knowes.

Since wit by wifedome can  
doe this, and all the rest,  
That I imploy my painefull head  
to come by wit is best :  
Whome if I might attaine,  
then wit and I were one ;  
But till time wit and I doe cope,  
I shall be poft alone.

*An Aunfwere in dispraise of Wit.*

THE wit you fo commend  
with wealth cannot compare ;  
For wealth is able wit to win,  
when wit is waxen bare.  
Wit hath no beauties beames ;  
to kingly crowne it yeeldes :  
Wit subjeft is to wilfull rage,  
Rage wit and reafon weeldes.  
Wit rules not witleffe youth,  
nor aged steps doth guide ;  
Wit knowes not how to win a friende,  
wit is fo full of pride.  
Wit wots not how to flie  
the smooth and flattering geft :  
Wit cannot well difcerne the thing  
that doth become it best.  
Wit hath no wyle to ware  
mifhap before it fall ;  
Wit knowes not what good fafhion meanes,  
Wit can doe naught at all.

Since wit by wifdome can  
 doe nothing, as you weene,  
 If you doe toyle to come by wit,  
 then are you over feene :  
 Whome when you doe attaine,  
 though wit and you feeme one,  
 Yet wit will to another, when  
 your back is turnde and gone.

*The Lover to Cupid for mercie, declaring how first he  
 became his thrall, with the occafion of his defying  
 Love; and now at laft what caufed him  
 to convert.*

O MIGHTIE lorde of love !  
 Dame Venus onely joy,  
 Whofe princely powre doth farre furmout  
 all other heavenly roy,  
 I that have fwarvde thy lawes,  
 and wandred farre aftray,  
 Have now retyrde to thee againe,  
 thy statutes to obey :  
 And fo thou wouldst vouchfafe  
 to let me plead for grace,  
 I would before thy barre declare  
 a felie lover's cafe.  
 I would depaint at full  
 how firft I was thy man,  
 And fhew to that what was the caufe  
 that I from Cupid ran.

And how I have since that  
    yfpent my weerie time,  
As I shall tell, fo thou shalt here  
    declare in doolefull rime.  
In greene and tender age  
    (my Lorde), till xviii years,  
I spent my time as fitted youth  
    in fchole among my feeares,  
As then no bearde at all  
    was growne upon my chin,  
Which well approovde that mans estate  
    I was not entred in.  
I neede not tell the names  
    of Authors which I read,  
Of proes and verfe we had inough  
    to fine the dullest head :  
But I was chiefly bent  
    to poets famous art ;  
To them with all my devor I  
    my studie did convert.  
Where when I had with joy  
    yfpent my time a while,  
The reaft refusde, I gave me whole  
    to Nafos noble stile.  
Whose volumes when I faw  
    with pleafant stories fright,  
In him (I fay) above the reft  
    I laide my whole delight.  
What should I here reherfe  
    with bafe and barraine pen,  
The lincked tales and filed stuffe  
    that I perused then ?

In fine, it was my loare  
     upon that part to light  
 Wherein he teacheth youth to love,  
     and women win by flight :  
 Which Treatise when I had  
     with judging eie furvayde,  
 At last I found thy godly kynde,  
     and Princely powre displayde.  
 Of Cupid all that booke  
     and of his raigne did ring,  
 The poet there of Venus did  
     in sugred dittie sing.  
 There read I of thy shafts,  
     and of thy golden bow,  
 Thy shafts which by their divers heads  
     their divers kindes did show.  
 I saw how by thy force  
     thou madest men to stoope,  
 And grisely gods by secret flight  
     and deuilish imps to droope.  
 There were depainted plaine  
     thy quick and quiver wings ;  
 And what so else doth touch thy powre  
     there Ovid sweetely sings.  
 There I thy conquests sawe,  
     and many a noble spoile,  
 With names annexed to the same  
     of such as had the foile.  
 There matrones marcht along  
     and maydens in their roe,  
 Both Faunes and Satyrs there I saw,  
     with Neptuns troupe also.

With other thoufands elfe,  
    which Nafō there doth write ;  
But not my pen or barraine skull  
    is able to recite.  
O mighty Prince (quoth I)  
    of fuch a fearefull force,  
How bleft were I, fo thou of mee  
    wouldft daine to take remorce !  
And choofe me for thy thrall  
    among the reft to bee,  
That live in hope, and ferve in truft  
    as waged men to thee.  
With that (thy Godhead knowes)  
    thou gavfte a freindly looke,  
And (though unworthie fuch a place)  
    mee to thy fervice tooke.  
In token I was thine,  
    I had a badge of blue,  
With fabels fet, and charge withall  
    that I fhould aye be true.  
Thou badfte me follow Hope,  
    who tho thy enfigne bare.  
And fo I might not doe amiffe,  
    thus didft thy felfe declare.  
Then who rejoyft but I ?  
    who thought himfelfe yblift ?  
That was in Cupids fervice plaffe  
    as bravely as the beft ?  
And thus in luftie youth  
    I grue to be your thrall,  
And was (I witneffe of thy dame)  
    right well content withall.

But now I minde to shewe  
     (as promiffe was to doe)  
 How first I fled thy tents, and why  
     thy campe I did forgoe.  
 When I had bene retainde  
     well nigh a yeare or more,  
 And servde in place of wage and meede  
     as in the souldiars lore,  
 I chaunft by hap to cast  
     my floting eies awrie,  
 And so a dame of passing shape  
     my fortune was to spie :  
 On whome Dame Nature thought  
     such beautie to bestowe,  
 As she had never framde before,  
     as proufe did plainely showe.  
 On hir I gazde a while,  
     till use of sence was fled,  
 And, colour, paper white before,  
     was woxen scarlet red.  
 I felt the kindled sparkes  
     to flashing flames to growe ;  
 And so on sodaine I did love  
     the wight I did not knowe.  
 Then to thy pallace I  
     with frowarde foote did run,  
 And what I saide, I mynde it yet,  
     for thus my tale begun.  
 O noble Sir (quoth I),  
     is this your free assent,  
 I should purfue a game unknowne  
     within your stately tent ?



If so (quoth I) thou wilt,  
    and givste the fame in charge,  
I mynde of all my brydled lust  
    to let the raynes at large.  
Then (Hope) did prick mee forth,  
    and bad mee be of cheere,  
Who said I should within a while  
    subdue my noble feere.  
He counfelde mee to shun  
    no dreadfull daungers place,  
But follow him who banner bore  
    unto your noble grace.  
He would maintaine my right  
    and further aye my cause,  
And bannish all dispaire that grewe  
    by frowarde fortunes flawes.  
Tis Cupids will (quoth hee),  
    our maister and our lorde,  
That thou with manly hart and hand  
    shouldst lay the barck aborde :  
She fhall not choose but yeelede  
    the fruite for passed paines ;  
For shee is one of Cupids thralls,  
    and bound in Venus chaines.  
Thinkst thou our maister will  
    his fervant live in woe ?  
No, not for all his golden darts,  
    ne yet his crooked bowe.  
Wherefore with luckie mart  
    give charge unto the wight :  
Take speare in hande, and targe on arme,  
    and doe with courage fight.

With that, I arnde me well,  
     as fits a warring man,  
 And to the place of friendly fight  
     with lustie foote I ran.  
 My foe was there before  
     I came unto the felde :  
 I thought Bellona had bene there,  
     or Pallas with hir shielde.  
 So well shee was befet  
     with plate and privie maile,  
 As for my life my limber launce  
     might not a whit prevaile :  
 Yet naythelesse with speare  
     and shielde, we fought a space,  
 But last of all we tooke our bowes  
     and arrowes from the case.  
 Then dartes we gan to fling  
     in wide and weightlesse skies ;  
 And then the fiercest fight of all  
     and combat did arise.  
 In stead of shivering shafts,  
     light loving lookes we cast,  
 And there I founde my selfe too weake,  
     hir arrowes went so fast :  
 But one above the reast  
     did cleave my breast so farre,  
 As downe it went where lay my hart,  
     and there it gave a jarre.  
 So cruell was the stroke,  
     so fodaine eke the wounde,  
 As by the fearefull force I fell  
     into a senselesse founde.

Thus, having no refuge  
to quite my selfe from death,  
I made a vowe to love hir well  
whilst lungs should lende me breath :  
And since that time I have  
endevorde with my might  
To win hir love, but nought prevailes ;  
shee wayes it not a mite.  
Shee skornes my yeelding hart,  
not forcing on my heft ;  
But by disdaine of cloudy browe  
doth further my unrest.  
Yet ruthleffe though shee were,  
and farfed full of yre,  
I loovde hir well as hart could think,  
or woman might desire.  
I fought to frame my speach  
and countnance in such fort,  
As shee my covert hart might see  
by shewe of outwarde port.  
To Troilus halfe so true  
unto his Creside was  
As I to hir, who for hir face  
did Trojane Creside passe.  
At length, when Reason saw  
me fotted so in love,  
As I ne would, ne might at all  
my fanfie thence remove,  
Shee causde hir trumpe be blowne  
to cyte hir servants all  
Into the place, by whose advise  
I might be rid from thrall.

Then Plato first appearde  
with sage and solemne lawes,  
And in his hand a golden booke  
of good and Greekish lawes,  
Whose honnie mouth such wise  
and weightie wordes did tell  
Gainst thee and all thy troupe at once,  
As Reason likte it well.  
When Platoes tale was done,  
then Tullie prest in place,  
Whose filed tongue with sugred talke  
would good a simple case.  
With open mouth I heard,  
and jawes ystrecht awyde,  
How he gainst Venus dearlings all  
and Cupids captives cryde.  
Then Plutarch gan to preach,  
and by examples prove  
That thousand mischiefes were procurde  
by meane of guilefull love ;  
Whole cities brought to spoyle,  
and realmes to shamefull sack,  
Where kings and rulers good advice  
by meane of love did lack.  
Next Plutarch Senec came,  
severe in all his lawes,  
Who cleane defide your wanton tricks,  
and scornde your childish lawes.  
I neede not name the reast  
that stode as then in place,  
But thousandes more there were that fought  
your godhead to deface.

When all the hall was husht,  
and fages all had donne,  
Then Reason that in judgement fate  
hir skilfull talke begonne.  
Gramercie, friends, (quoth thee)  
your counsell lykcs me well,  
But now lend eare to Reasons wordes,  
and listen what I tell.  
What madnesse may be more  
than such a lorde to have,  
Who makes the chieftaine of his bande  
a ruke and raskall slave?  
Who woonted is to yeelde  
in recompence of paine,  
A ragged recompence, God wote,  
that turnes to meere disdaine.  
Who gladly would ensue  
a conduct that is blinde,  
Or thrall himselfe to such a one  
as shewes himselfe unkinde?  
What ploughman would be glad  
to fowe his feede for gaine,  
And reape, when haruest time comes on,  
but travaile for his paine?  
What madman might endure  
to watch and warde for nought,  
To ride, to runne, and last to loofe  
the recompence he fought?  
To waste the day in wo,  
and restlesse night in care,  
And have in stead of better foode  
but fobbing for his fare?

To bleare his eies with brine  
     and salted teares yfhead,  
 To force his fainting flesh to fade,  
     his colour pale and dead ?  
 And to foredoe with carke  
     his wretched witherde hart,  
 And so to breede his bitter bale  
     and hatch his deadly smart ?  
 I speake it to this fine,  
     that plainely might appere,  
 Cupidos craft and guilefull guife  
     to him that standeth here ;  
 Whose eies with fantasies mist  
     and errors cloudes are dim,  
 By meane that hee in Venus lake  
     and Cupids goulfe doth swim ;  
 And hath, by sodaine sight  
     of unacquainted shape,  
 So fixt his hart, as hope is past  
     for ever to escape,  
 Unlesse to these my wordes  
     a listning eare hee lende,  
 Which oft art wont the lovers minde  
     and fantasie to offende.  
 But he that would his health  
     fowre sirops must assay ;  
 For erie grieffe hath cure againe  
     by cleane repugnaunt way :  
 And who so mindes to quite  
     and rid himselfe from wo,  
 Must seeke in time for to remove  
     the thing that hurtes him so.

For longer than it lastes  
it frets the farder in,  
Untill it grow to curelesse maine  
by passing fell and skin.  
The pyne that beares his head  
up to the haughtie skie,  
Would well have beene remoovde at first,  
as daylie prooffe doth trie,  
Which now no force of man  
nor engine may subvert,  
So wyde the creeping rootes are run  
by Natures subtill art.  
So love by slender sleight  
and little paine at first  
Would have beene stopt ; but hardly now  
though thou wouldst doe thy wurft.  
The woonted saw is true,  
shun love, and love will flee ;  
But follow love, and spite thy nose,  
then love will follow thee :  
And though such graffed thoughts  
on sodaine may not die,  
Ne be forgone, yet proceffe shall  
their farther growth destrie.  
No giaunt for his lyfe  
can cleave a knarrie oke,  
Though he would seeke to doe his wurft  
and utmost at a stroke ;  
But let the meanest man  
have space to fell him downe,  
And he will make him bende his head,  
and bring his boughes to grownde.

No force of falling showre  
     can pierce the marble stone,  
 As will the often drops of raine  
     that from the gutters gone.  
 Wherefore, thou retchleffe man,  
     my counsell with the mo  
 Is, that thou peecemeale doe expell  
     the love that paines thee fo.  
 Renounce the place where shee  
     doth make sojourn and stay ;  
 Force not hir trayning truthleffe eies,  
     but turne thy face away.  
 Thinke that the hurtfull hooke  
     is coverde with such baite ;  
 And that in such a pleasant plot  
     the serpent lurcks in waite.  
 Waie well hir scornfull cheere,  
     and think shee seekes thy spoyle ;  
 And though thy conquest were atchivde,  
     may not acquite thy toile.  
 Not ydle see thou bee,  
     take aye some charge in hande :  
 And quickly shalt thou quench the flame  
     of carelesse Cupids brande.  
 For what (I pray you) bred  
     Ægisthus fowle defame,  
 And made him spoken of so yll ?  
     what put him to the shame ?  
 What forde the foole to love ?  
     his beaftly ydle lyfe  
 Was cause that he befotted was  
     of Agamemnons wyfe.



If he had fought in field,  
    encountring with his foe  
On ftately fteede, or elfe on foote  
    with glave had given the bloe ;  
If he, that lecher lewde,  
    had warlick walles affailde  
With cannon fhot, or bownfing ran,  
    his fenced enemies quailde,  
He had not felt fuch force  
    of vile and beaftly fin,  
Cupidos shafts had fallen fhort,  
    if he had bufie bin.  
What Myrrha made to love,  
    or Byblos to defire,  
To quench the heate of hungrie luft  
    and flames of filthy fire ?  
What Canace enforcde  
    to frie with frantick brands,  
In fort as up to yeeld hir felfe  
    unto hir brothers hands ?  
And others thoufand mo  
    of whome the poets wright,  
Nought elfe (good fayth) but for they had  
    in ydle thoughts delight.  
They fpend their youthfull yeares  
    in foule and filthie trade ;  
They bufied not their ydle braines,  
    but God of Pleafure made.  
Wherefore if thou (I fay)  
    doft covet to avoyde  
That bedlam boyes deceitfull bowe  
    that others hath anoyde ;

Eschewe the ydle lyfe,  
     flee, flee from doing nought,  
 For never was there ydle braine  
     but bred an ydle thought.  
 And when those stormes are past,  
     and cloudes remoovde away,  
 I know thou wilt on (Reason) thinke,  
     and minde the words I say,  
 Which are that loove is roote  
     and onely crop of care,  
 The bodies foe, the harts annoy,  
     and cause of pleasures rare.  
 The sicknesse of the minde,  
     the fountaine of unrest,  
 The goulfe of guile, the pit of paine,  
     of grieffe the hollow cheft.  
 A fierie frost, a flame,  
     that frozen is with ise,  
 A heavie burden light to beare,  
     a vertue fraught with vice.  
 It is a warlike peace,  
     a safetie fet in dred,  
 A deepe dispaire annex to hope,  
     a famine that is fed :  
 Sweete poyson for his taste,  
     A Porte Charybdis leeke,  
 A Scylla for his safetie thought,  
     a lyon that is meeke.  
 And (by my crowne I sweare)  
     the longer thou dost love,  
 The longer shalt thou live a thrall,  
     as tract of time will prove.

Discomodities  
 of Love.

Wherefore retire in haste,  
    and speede thee home againe,  
And pardned shall thy trespassse bee,  
    and thou exempt from paine.  
Take Reason for thy guide,  
    as thou hast done of yore,  
And spite of Love thou shalt not love,  
    ne be a thrall no more.  
Repaire to Platos schoole,  
    and Tullies true advice ;  
Let Plutarch be and Seneca  
    thy teachers to be wise.  
This long and learned tale  
    had broofed so my braine,  
As I forthwith to Reason ran,  
    and gave thee up in plaine.  
Fie, fie on Loue ! quoth I,  
    I now perceiue his craft ;  
For Reason hath declarde at large  
    how hee my freedome raft.  
I see his promise is  
    farre fayrer than his paie :  
I finde how Cupid blearde mine eies,  
    and made me run astraine.  
I wrote how hungrie Hope  
    hath led mee by the lip,  
And made mee moove an endleffe sute,  
    well worth an oken chip.  
Hee trainde mee all by trust ;  
    I farde as hounde at hatch,  
The lesser fruite I founde, the more  
    I was procurde to watch.

Thus (mightie Lorde) I left  
     thy lawes and statutes strong  
 For rayling Reasons trifling talke,  
     and offerd thee a wrong.  
 But now Dame Venus knowes,  
     and thou, hir sonne, canst tell  
 That I within my covert hart  
     doe love thee passing well.  
 Now fully bent to be  
     (so thou wilt cleane put out  
 Of mind my passed injuries)  
     thy man and fouldier stout :  
 Prest to obey thy will,  
     and never swarve againe,  
 As long as Venus is of force,  
     and thou shalt keepe thy raigne.  
 I weigh not Tullies tale,  
     ne prating Platos talke ;  
 Let Plutarch vouch what Plutarch can,  
     let skurvey Senec walke.  
 Olde Ovid will I reade,  
     whose pleafant wit doth passe  
 The reaft, as farre as stubborne steele  
     excells the brittle glasse.  
 In him thy deedes of armes  
     and manly Marts appeere ;  
 In him thy stately spoyles are feene  
     as in a mirrour cleere :  
 Thy mothers prayse and thine  
     in him are to be founde,  
 For conquestes which you had in heaven,  
     and here bylow on grounde.

Forgive my former guilt,  
forget my paffed toys,  
And graunt I may aspire againe  
unto my woonted joyes.  
If ever man did love,  
or ferve in better fteede,  
Then fhape my wageffe to the fame,  
and doe reftraîne my meede ;  
But fo I fight in fieldes  
as fiercely as the beft,  
I hope that then your Godhead will  
reward me with the reft.

*After misadventures come good haps.*

I NEVER thought but this, that luck in fine  
Would to my will and fanſie well incline ;  
For dayly prooffe doth make an open ſhow  
That commen courſe of things would have it fo.  
When ſtormie clouds from darkned ſkyes are fled,  
Then Phœbus ſhewes his gay and golden hed :  
His princely pride appeares when ſhowers are paſt,  
And after day the night enfues as faſt.  
When winter hath his trembling carkas ſhowne,  
And w<sup>t</sup> his froſtie foote the ſpring downe throwne,  
Then in leapes Æſtas gay with gladſome gleames,  
That harveſt brings and dries up winter ſtreames.  
The barck that broylde in rough and churliſh ſeas  
At length doth reach a port and place of eaſe :  
The wailefull warre in time doth yeelde to peace,

The larums lowde and trumpets found doth cease.  
 Thus may we see that chaunce is full of change.  
 And Fortune feedes on foode that is full straunge.  
 Wherefore doe not despaire, thou loving wight,  
 For seas doe ebbe and flow by Natures might:  
 From worse to good our haps are chaunged oft,  
 And basest things sometimes are rayfde aloft.  
 So Gods would have, and Fortune doth agree,  
 Which proufe appeeres, and is exprest, by mee.

*To his Love, that Controlde his Dogge for fawning on hir.*

IN deede (my Deare) you wrong my dog in this,  
 And shew your selfe to be of crabbed kinde,  
 That will not let my fawning whelp to kisse  
 Your fitt, y<sup>t</sup> faine would shew his maisters minde:  
 A mastife were more fit for such a one,  
 That can not let hir lovers dog alone.

He, in his kinde, for mee did seeme to sue,  
 That earst did stande so highly in your grace:  
 His maisters minde the wittie spanell knewe,  
 And thought his woonted mistresse was in place;  
 But now at last (good faith) I plainly see  
 That dogs more wise than women friendly bee.

Wherefore, since you so cruelly entreate  
 My whelp, not forcing of his fawning cheere,  
 You shew your selfe with pride to be replete,  
 And to your friend your nature doth appeere:  
 The proverbe olde is verrifide in you,  
 Love mee, and love my dog; and so adue.

Both I and he that fiely beaft sustaine

For loving well and bearing faithfull harts,  
Despitous checks, and rigorous difdaine,  
Where both have well deserved for our parts,  
For friendship I, for offred service hee,  
And yet thou neyther loovfte the dog nor mee.

*Upon the death of the aforesaid Dame Elizabeth Arhundle,  
of Cornewall.*

What tongue can tell the wo ?  
    what pen expresse the plaint ?  
Unlesse the Muses helpe at neede,  
    I feele my wits to faint.  
Yee that frequent the hilles  
    and highest holtes of all,  
Assist mee with your skilfull quilles,  
    and listen when I call.  
And Phœbus, thou that sitst  
    amidst the learned route,  
Doo way thy bowe, and reach thy lute,  
    and fay to founde it oute.  
Helpe (learned Pallas) helpe  
    to write the fatall fall  
of hir, whose lyfe deserves to be  
    a mirrour to us all :  
Whose parents were of fame,  
    as Leyster well can showe,  
Where they in worship long had livde,  
    with yeares did worship growe.  
Of worship was the house  
    from whence shee tooke hir line,

And she, a Dannat by descent,  
to worship did incline.  
What neede I pen the prayse  
of hir that livde so well ?  
That of it selfe doth yeelde a founde,  
we neede not ring the bell.  
Whilst Dannat did ensue  
Diana in the race,  
A truer nymph than Dannat was  
was never earft in place :  
With beautie so adrest,  
with vertue so adornde,  
Was none that more imbraste the good,  
nor at the wicked scornde.  
When fleeing Fame with trumpe  
and blasted brute had brought  
This Dannats thewes to courtlike ea[r]  
(which Dannat never fought)  
To court she was procurde  
on Princeffe to attende ;  
A service fit for such a one  
hir flowring yeares to spende.  
Where when she had remainde  
and servde the Princeffe well,  
Not rashly, but with good advice  
to Junos yoke she fell.  
A Wolfe by hap espide  
this felie lambe in place,  
And thought hir fittest for his pray :  
not gastly was his face,  
Not woulflike were his eies,  
ne harrish was his voice,



Nor such as lambes might feare to heare,  
but rather might reioice.  
A hart not bent to hate,  
or yeelding pray to spill,  
Unto Licaon farre unlike,  
whose pleafure was to kill.  
Arhundle was his name,  
his stock of great difcent,  
Whose predeceffors all their lives  
in vertues path had fpend.  
Hee, not unlike the reft,  
behavde himfelfe fo well,  
As he in fine became a Knight,  
fo to his share it fell.  
Thus was this ladie faft  
conjoynde in facred knot,  
Whose prime and tender yeares were fpend  
devoyde of flauders blot.  
The match no fooner made,  
when marriage rites were donne,  
But Dannat ranne hir race as right  
as fhee hir courfe begonne :  
And footh it is, fhee livde  
in wively bond fo well,  
As fhe from Collatinus wife  
of chaftice bore the bell.  
Ulyffes wyfe did blush  
to heare of Dannats prayfe  
Admetus make (the good Alceft)  
did yeelde up all hir kayes.  
The Greekes might take in grieffe  
of fuch a one to heere,

Who for hir well deferved fame  
could have no Greekish peere.  
Thus many yeares were spent  
with good and fothfast life,  
Twixt Arhundle, that worthie knight,  
and his approved wife ;  
Of whome such impes did spring,  
such fruite began to growe,  
Such issue did proceede, as we  
them by their braunches knowe.  
The oke will yeelde no grapes,  
the vine will beare no hawes :  
Ech thing must follow kindly course  
by Natures fixed lawes.  
Even so that worthie tree  
such fruite is seene to beare,  
As yet commends the withred stocks,  
and them to welkin reare.  
Thus did they live in joy,  
till chaunce and spitefull death  
These loving turtles did devide,  
and rest the cock his breath :  
Then first the bale began,  
then black attyre came on,  
And Dannats dreerie doole was seene  
with never stinting mone.  
Nought might hir sorrow swage,  
but still she did bewaile  
The cinders of her severd make  
with teares of none availe.  
Seaven yeares she spent in wo,  
refusing other make ;

For such is turtles kinde you know,  
they will none other take.  
I doubt where Dido felt  
the like tormenting rage,  
When that the guilefull guest was gone  
that laid his fayth to gage.  
This Dannats vertues were  
so rife, and eke so rare,  
As few with hir for honest life  
and wisdome might compare.  
Minerva did fojourne  
within that wively brest ;  
Hir deedes declarde that in hir head  
Dame Pallas was a guest.  
But what we covet most,  
or chiefest holde in price,  
With greedie gripe of darting death  
is reaved with a trice.  
The cruell Sisters three  
were all in one agreede  
To let the spindle run no more,  
but shrid the fatall threede :  
And fortune (to expresse  
what swing and fway she bare)  
Allowde them leave to use their force  
upon this jewell rare.  
Thus hath the welkin woon,  
and we a losse sustainde,  
Thus hath hir corse a vaute founde out,  
her sprite the heavens gainde.  
Since fobbing will not ferve,  
ne shedding teares availe

To bring the foule to corps againe,  
 his olde and woonted gaile,  
 Leave off to bath hir stone  
 with Niobs teares to long,  
 For thou shalt aide hir naught at all,  
 but put thy selfe to wrong.  
 With that hir foule may reach  
 the place from whence it came,  
 And she be guerdond for hir life  
 with never dying fame :  
 For fure she well deservde  
 to have immortall prayse,  
 And lawde more light than clearest Sunne,  
 or Phœbus golden rayes.  
 If ought my slender skill  
 or writing were of powre,  
 No proceffe of ingratefull time  
 hir vertues should devoure.

*Dispraysse of Women, that allure and love not.*

WHEN fo you vew in verse,  
 and poets rimes report,  
 Of Lucrece, and Ulyffes wife,  
 that lives in honest fort ;  
 When Hippo commes by hap,  
 or good Alcest yfeare,  
 And other some that by desert  
 with fame renowned were,  
 Then you with hastie doome,  
 and rashfull sentence straight,

Will vaunt that women more and lesse  
were all with vertue fraught.  
And, for those fewe that livde  
in wively bonde so well,  
You will esteeme the reast by those  
that onely bare the bell :  
But follow sound advice,  
let eche receyve hir doome,  
As ech in vertue did surmount,  
or fit in highest roome.  
So cleane was never feede  
yfifted, but among,  
For all their paynes, were weedes that grew  
to put the graine to wrong.  
That troupe of honest dames,  
those Grifels all are gone ;  
No Lucrece now is left alive,  
ne Cleopatra none.  
Those dayes are all ypast,  
that date is flected by ;  
They myrrors were Dame Nature made  
hir skilfull hande to try.  
Now course of kinde exchaungde  
doth ycelde a woorfer graine,  
And women in these latter yeares  
those modest matrones staine.  
Deceit is their delight ;  
great fraude in friendly lookes :  
They spoyle the fish for friendship sake  
that hover on their hookes.  
They buye the baite to deare  
that so their freedome loze,

And they the more deceitfull are  
     that so can craft and gloze.  
 With beautie to allure,  
     and murder with disdaine,  
 What more may be gainst womens kind  
     where ruth of right should raigne?  
 So Memphite crocodile,  
     (as we in poets fine)  
 Where Nylus with his sevenfold streame  
     to seaward doth incline,  
 With ruthlesse trickling teares  
     and lamentable founde,  
 The fiely beaft, with pittie moovde,  
     doth cruelly confounde.  
 So marmaydes in the flood,  
     and fyrens sweetly fmg,  
 Till they the musing mariner  
     to speedie death doe bring.  
 Now Helen for hir traine  
     with Dian may compare,  
 Such fundrie Helens now are found,  
     and Dians nymphes so rare:  
 Who if by craft espie  
     thy senses once to bende,  
 And bow by Cupids subtile breach  
     that burning gleames doth fende,  
 Then will they seeke in haste  
     by force of friendly blinck,  
 And wrested looke into thy breast  
     their beauties shape to finck.  
 Which if be brought to passe,  
     then have they their desire,

And standing farre doe smile to see  
the flaming of the fire.  
Then looke they on a loofe,  
and never once repaire  
To ende the strife that they have stirrde  
twixt lover and dispaire.  
As shepheards, when they see  
the ganders foe in snare,  
Rejoyce, that from their foldes of late  
their fiely cattle bare :  
Or boy that knowes the foule  
to be in pithole caught,  
That woonted was to steale the stole,  
and fet the snare at naught :  
So wily women woont  
to laugh, when so they spie  
The loving wight, ytraynde by trust,  
in poynt and pinch to die.  
But if such chaunce doe chaunce  
(as often chaunce we see)  
The fish that earst was hangde on hooke  
by better chaunce be free ;  
If he by happie hap  
doe cast off Cupids yoke,  
Not fetting of their love a leeke  
that gave the cruell stroke,  
Then are remoovde the cloudes  
of hir disdainfull brow,  
And friendshiphs flood, that earst was drie,  
afresh begins to flow.  
Then wresteth shee hir grace,  
and makes a seeming slow,

As though she ment no chaunge at all,  
ne would hir hestes forgo.  
Thus are they fright with wiles  
whome Nature made so plaine,  
Thus Sinons shifts they put in ure  
their purpose to attaine.  
Wherefore let be our care  
Ulysses trade to trie,  
And stop our eares against the founde  
of fyrens when they crie.  
Think when thou feest the baite  
whereon is thy delite,  
That hidden hookes are hard at hande  
to bane thee when thou bite.  
Think well that poyson lurckes  
in shape of fugar sweete,  
And where the freshest flowres are seene  
there most beware thy feete :  
But chiefly women shoonne,  
and follow mine advice,  
If not, thou mayst perhaps in proufe  
of folly beare the price.  
To trust to rotten boughes  
the daunger well is seene ;  
To treade the tyllid trap unwares  
hath alwayes perill beene.  
Have Medea still in minde ;  
let Circe be in thought,  
And Helen, that to utter sack  
both Greece and Troie brought ;  
Let Creside be in coumpt  
and number of the mo,



Who for hir lightneffe may perfume  
with falcest on the row ;  
Else would she not have left  
a Trojan for a Greeke.  
But what ? by kinde the cat will hunt ;  
hir father did the like.  
As wylie are their wits,  
so are their tongues untrue,  
Unconstant and aye fleeting mindes  
that most imbrace the nue.  
When fixed is their fayth,  
it restes on brittle fande ;  
And when thou deemste them fursste of all,  
they beare thee but in hande.  
Though Argus were alive,  
whose eies in number were  
As many as the peacock proude  
in painted plume doth beare,  
Yet women, by their wyles  
and well acquainted drifts,  
Would soone deceive his waking head,  
and put his eies to shifts.  
Nought have they neede at all  
Cyllenus pipe to blow  
To forge their fraude, their tongues will serve,  
as learned writers show.  
First trie and then tell  
Where I have sayd well ;  
For without a triall  
There vailes no deniall.

*Of a Phisition and a Soothfayer.*

MARCKE felt himfelfe diseafde :  
 the Soothfayer fayd, There bee  
 Sixe yet remainder daies of life,  
 no mo (friende Marcke) to thee.  
 Then skilfull Alcon came,  
 he felt the pulfes beate,  
 And out of hande this Marcus did :  
 there phifick wrought his feate.  
 This shoves Phisition doth  
 the Soothfayer farre exceede ;  
 For thone can make a fhort difpatch,  
 when thother makes no fpeede.

*A Controverfie of a conquest in Love twixt Fortune  
and Venus.*

WHILST fifsher kept his line  
 the hovering fifh to hooke,  
 By hap a rich mans daughter on  
 the fifsher kept hir looke.  
 Shee fryde with frantick love,  
 they maride eke at laft ;  
 Thus fifsher was from lowe eftate  
 in top of treasure plaft.  
 Stoode Fortune by and fmylde :  
 how fay you (dame) quoth shee  
 To Venus ? was this conquest yours,  
 or is it due to mee ?

Twas I (quoth Vulcans wife)  
with helpe of Cupids bowe,  
That made this wanton wench to rage,  
and match hir selfe fo lowe,  
Not fo : twas Fortune I  
that brought the trull in place ;  
And Fortune was it that the man  
stoode fo in maydens grace.  
By Fortune fell their love,  
twas Fortune strake the stroke ;  
Then detter is this man to mee  
that did the match provoke.

*The Lover voweth, how so ever he be guerdoned, to love  
faithfully.*

UNTHANKFULL though she were,  
and had disdainefull browe,  
Regarding nought my constant hart,  
ne forcing of hir vowe,  
Since fowen is the feede  
of faithfull friendships lore,  
Unconstant will I never be,  
ne breake my heft therefore.  
Let Fortune use hir force,  
fo Cupide stande mine ayde,  
And Cyprid laugh with loovely looke,  
I will not be afrayde.  
By mee the noble kinde  
of man shall not be shande,

Recorde through mee shall never force  
     our fequell be defamde.  
 Albe that I consume  
     my greene and growing youth,  
 Yea age and all, without rewarde,  
     yet nill I fwarve my truth.  
 Eche that shall after come,  
     and live when I am duft,  
 This loving hart shall well defcrie  
     the key of perfite trust.  
 Hir, while my vitall breath  
     theſe fainting limmes shall moove :  
 Yea, after death in hollow vawte  
     ytombed, will I loove.  
 Force ſhee my ſervice true,  
     I force it not at all,  
 Rue ſhe by ruth my dreerie life,  
     or it to mercy call,  
 In ftay my love shall ſtand,  
     I will not falſe my fayth,  
 Ne breake my former plighted heft  
     or promiſe to the death.  
 Diſdaine ſhall never force  
     my frienſhip once awrie :  
 Ere that I crave, immortall Gods,  
     that ye will let me die.  
 Let Dido ſtill complaine  
     Æneas broken heft,  
 Of all that came to Carthage coaſt  
     the moſt unfaythfull gueſt :  
 Untruſtic Theſeus eke,  
     Let Ariadne cleeppe,

Escaping from his friendly feere  
yled in slumbring sleepe.  
So let Medea blame  
the knight that woon the flise,  
That forced naught at all in fine  
hir cleapings and hir cries.  
Have thou the faythfull hart  
of thine affured friend,  
Ere he be of that retchlesse race  
the funne awrie shall wende :  
Where so thou yeelde him grace,  
or as an outcast shoon,  
Expect his former plighted heft  
as thou tofore hast doon.  
Love will hee never blame,  
ne Venus lawes forgo,  
Life sooner shall than love decrease,  
his faith is fixed so.

*He sorrowes the long absence of his Ladie, P.*

NOW once againe (my Muse) renew the woes  
Which carst thou hast in doolefull dittie soong,  
For greater cause of sorrow not arose  
To mee at all, than now of late is sproong :  
As you shall heare, in sad and solemne verse,  
A wofull wight his haplesse hap rehearse.  
Come (Clio) come, with pensive pen in hande,  
And cause thy sisters chaunge their cheerefull voice :  
Ye furies fell that lurcke in Plutos lande,  
Come skip to skies, and raise a doolefull noice :

Helpe to lament the lovers wofull chaunce,  
And let Alecto leade the lothfome daunce.

All ye that ladies are of Lympo Lake,  
With hissing haire, and snakie bush bedect,  
Your beddes of steele and dankish dennes forsak,  
And Stix with stinking sulphur all infect :  
Doe what you may to ayde my carefull quill,  
And helpe to ring a lovers latter knill.

And time (I trow) sith she from hence is fled,  
Who was the guide and giver of my breath,  
By whome I was with wished pleasure fed,  
And have escapte the ruthlesse hande of death,  
Who was the key and cable of my life,  
That made me scape Charybdis carefull clife.

A starre whereby to steare my bodies bark,  
And ship of soule to shoare in safetie bring,  
To quite my corse from painefull pining cark,  
And fierie force of craftie Cupids sting :  
Even she that me from Syllas shelve did shroude,  
That light is lost, that lodestarre under cloude.

Whose absence breedes the tempest I sustaine,  
And makes my thoughts so cloudie black to bee,  
And brackish teares from swollen eies to raine,  
And churlish gale of surging sighes to flee :  
That ancor scarce, ne harbour I may have  
From deepe dispaire my broken ship to save.

The rubie from the ring is rest I finde,  
The foile appeeres that underneath was set :  
The faint is gone, the shrine is left behinde,  
The fish is scapte, and here remains the net ;  
That other choise for me is none but this,

To waile the want of hir that is my bliffe.

I curffe the wight that caufde hir hence to go,  
I hate the horfe that hence hir corfe conuaide,  
The bit, the faddle, all I curffe aroe,  
And ought that elfe might this hir journey ftaide :  
I curffe the place where fhe doth now fojourne,  
And that whereto fhe mindes to fhape retourne.

My mouth, that kift hir not before fhe went,  
Mine eies, that did not feeke to fee hir face ;  
My head, that it no matter did invent ;  
My hande, that it in paper did not place ;  
My feete, that they refusde to travell tho,  
My legges I curffe that were fo loth to go.

My tongue, that it to parle did then procure  
To utter all my clofe and covert minde,  
To hir who long hath had my woundes in cure,  
In whome fuch rath and mercie I did finde :  
My hart I curffe, that fought not to bewray  
It felfe to hir, or ere fhe went hir way.

And laft my felfe and erie thing befide,  
My life, my limmes, my carrion corfe I curffe :  
Save hir for whome thefe torments I abide,  
That of my lyfe is onely well and fourfe.  
Jove fhroude hir falfe, and keepe hir from annoy,  
And fende hir foone to make retourne with joy.

*To his Love long absent, declaring his torments.*

O LINGRING love! O friende  
that abfent art fo long,  
Where fo thou be, the Gods thee guide,  
and quit thy corfe from wrong!

And fende thee harmeleffe health,  
 and safety to revart,  
 How soone your selfe may deeme full well,  
 to save a dying hart.  
 For since your parture I  
 have lead a lothsome state;  
 And save the hope of your returne  
 nought might my woes abate.  
 And will you know the time  
 how I have spent away?  
 And doe you long in ruthfull rime  
 my torments to surway?  
 Though but with weeping eies  
 I may the same recite,  
 Yet naythelesse the truth herein  
 to thee (my friend) I write.  
 When flickring fame at first  
 unto mine eares had brought  
 That you to travell were addrest,  
 and fixed was your thought  
 In London long to lodge,  
 and flee our friendly foile,  
 Then dolour first in daunted corps  
 and wounded breast did boile.  
 I felt how griefe did give  
 the onfet on my hart;  
 And sorrow sware that pensive pangues  
 should never thence depart.  
 With clinching claws there came,  
 and talents sharply fet,  
 A flock of greedie griping woes  
 my grunting hart to fret.



The more I fought the meane  
by pleasaunt thought to ease  
My growing grieffe, the more I felt  
increase my new disease.  
When other laught for joy,  
it brought to minde my woe ;  
When musick flakte their forrowes, then  
my secret fore did growe.  
When they at meate were set  
their daintie foode to taste,  
In stead of viands, hartie fishes  
I had for my repaste :  
When Bacchus came to boorde,  
and eche to other drincks,  
My swollen floud of salted teares  
did overflow his brincks,  
And out did gush amaine,  
of drinke to stande in steede  
To me, that of such monstrous meate  
as forrow was did feede.  
From boorde to bed I go  
in hope to finde reliefe,  
And by some pleasaunt nap to rid  
my troubled ghost from grieffe :  
But slumbring sleepe is fled,  
and Morpheus shewes his spight,  
That will not yeelde on minuts reaft  
in all a winters night.  
O Lorde ! what fundrie kindes  
of care doe then begin  
Tassault my wearie waking head,  
and trembling hart within :

A thousande thoughts arife,  
     eche thought his torment brings,  
 And thus the lothed night I spend,  
     and feele how forrow springs.  
 And if in dawning chaunce  
     some drouping sleepe to light  
 Upon the carefull corse that thus  
     hath spent the waking night,  
 It standes in little steade :  
     so dreadfull are my dreames  
 As they by force of wo procure  
     mine eies to runne with streames.  
 Then bathe I bed with brine,  
     and cloy my couch with teares,  
 And mid my sleepe thy grieisly ghost  
     in straungie fort appeares.  
 Not with such friendly face  
     and brow of gladsome cheare  
 As earst thou hadst : those lovely lookes  
     and blincks are all areare :  
 More grimmer is your grace,  
     more coye your countnance eake,  
 More lowring lookes than were of yore,  
     and brow more bent to wreake.  
 In hande, mee thinkes, I see  
     thee holde the hatefull knife  
 To flea thy friend, and for good will  
     to reave deferved lyfe.  
 Wherewith I wake afright  
     and straine my pillowe fast,  
 To garde me from the cruell toole  
     untill your wrath be past.

At length I see it plaine  
that fanſie did enforce  
Unto his ugly monſtrous dreame  
my weake and flumbring corſe.  
I vewe thy ſecret hart,  
and how it longs to bee  
With him, that for unfayned love  
impawnde his faith to thee.  
For mercie then I call  
of you that judge fo yll,  
Whoſe pleaſure is to garde your friend,  
and not your foe to kyll.  
Of dreames a thouſand ſuch  
eche night I have a ſhare,  
To banniſh ſleepe from pining corſe  
and nurſe my canckred care.  
Thus day and night I live,  
thus night and day I die :  
In death I feele no ſmart at all,  
in life great wo I trie.  
Wherefore to rid my griefes  
and banniſh all annoie,  
Retire from Greece, and doe ſojourne  
here with thy friend in Troie ;  
Who longs to ſee thy face  
and witneſſe of thy ſtate,  
And partner be of thy delights  
his furious fits to bate.

*To Browne, of light beliefe.*

BEWARE, my Browne, of light beliefe ;  
     trust not before you trie,  
 For under cloke of great good will  
     doth fained friendship lie.  
 As wylie adder lurcks in leaves  
     and greenest grasse of all,  
 And stings the stalking wight that thought  
     no daunger would befall ;  
 So is the plaine unplayted man  
     by subtile dealing gilde,  
 And soonest snarde by subtile shifts  
     of him that smoothly smilde.  
 Wee never see the frowning friend  
     that frets to outwarde showe,  
 Beguile or seeke to false his friend,  
     as dothe the fleeing foe.  
 The mastife dog is voyded well,  
     that barcks or ere he bite ;  
 But (oh) the cur is cruell that  
     doth never barck a whit.  
 Deale thou as courtyers daylie doe,  
     in wordes be franck and free,  
 Speake fayre and make the weather cleere  
     to him that gybes with thee ;  
 For so thou shalt assured stande  
     from hurt to be as farre,  
 As from the grounde of true good will  
     those glosing marchaunts are.

A wifedome to beware of woulfes,  
and foxes guilefull guife,  
For tone is craftie by his kinde,  
the other passing wife ;  
So that it is a matter harde  
their double drifts to flee :  
But yet thou shalt avoyde the wurst,  
if thou be rulde by mee. (qd) *G. T.*

*That Death is not so much to be feared, as daylie  
diseases are.*

WHAT ! yst not follie for to dread  
and stande of Death in feare,  
That mother is of quiet reast,  
and griefes away doth wear ;  
That brings releafe to want of welth,  
and poore oppressed wightes ?  
He comes but once to mortall men,  
but once for all he smites ;  
Was never none that twife hath felt  
of cruell death the knife.  
But other griefes and pining paines  
doe linger on the life,  
And oftentimes on felfe same corse  
with furious fits molest,  
When death, by one dispatch of life,  
doth bring the foule to rest.

*The Epicures counsell : Eate, drinke, and plaie.*

MY friend, where as thou feest thy selfe  
 to be a man in deede,  
 Eate, quaffe, and play, with present joyes  
 thy greedie fansie feede ;  
 For I (thou feest) am dust become  
 that earst so welthie was :  
 I have that I alive did eate,  
 the reast away did passe.  
 What so I poorde in pampred paunch  
 and to my guts convaide,  
 To gaping grounde with me I bore,  
 the reast behinde is staide.  
 My haughtie buildings, huge to see,  
 my turrets and my traine,  
 My horse, my houndes, my cofred coine  
 for others doe remaine.  
 Wherefore a myrroure make of mee,  
 and drowne thee in delight ;  
 For death will sweepe away thy welth,  
 and reave thy pleasures quight.

*The Aunswere to the vile and canckred counsell of the  
outragious Epicure.*

MY friend, for that I see my selfe  
 to be a man in deede,  
 Thy quassing counsell I refuse,  
 unlesse to serve my neede.

I muse no whit that thou art duft :  
thy beastly lving heere  
Was meane to bring thee to thy bane,  
the sooner for thy cheere.  
Thou thoughts to pamper by thy paunch,  
but thou didst feede ywis  
The greedie wormes that gnaw thy guts,  
for them a daintie dish.  
Good reason that thouldst forgo  
and leave thy goods behinde,  
For that a beast so lyke a beast  
didst live against thy kinde :  
A man in name, no man in deede,  
thou art that counselst mee  
To live as thou hast livde, and die  
a monster like to thee.  
For since thy lyfe so lothsome was,  
and shamefull eake thy death,  
I will beware, and make a glasse  
of thee whilst I have breath,  
To shunne thy fluttish sinfull fest,  
thy tipling and thy toyes ;  
For after death those pleasures passe,  
as did thy fickle joyes.

*Of Homer and his birth.*

THE poet Homer Chius claimes,  
Colophon doth the leeke ;  
And Smyrne sweares that he is hers  
that was the learned Greeke.

Of Salamine some say he was,  
     of Iö other some ;  
 And divers make report that he  
     of Theffale line did come.  
 Thus fundred and devided are  
     the peoples mindes of thee,  
 (Thou princely poet) but my thought  
     with neyther doth agree ;  
 For I assuredly suppose  
     and deeme the heavenly speare  
 Thy foyle, and Pallas lap the wombe  
     that did thy body beare.  
 Hir breast (the dug) that thou didst suck  
     in cradle when thou layst ;  
 With haughtie stile so much (thou Greeke)  
     thy mazed head dismayst.

*That Time conquereth all things, save the Lovers paine.*

WAS never bull so fell  
     with wrinckle fronted face,  
 But time would make him yeeld to yoke  
     and toyle the ground apace.  
 The horse ybred in holte  
     and fed in lustie lease,  
 In time will champe the fomie bit,  
     his riders will to please.  
 The lions that are woode  
     and raging in their kinde,  
 By trackt of time their keepers know  
     in whome they friendship finde.



Those beastes that come from Inde,  
and farthest partes of all,  
In time doe fwerve their savage sect,  
and to their dutie fall.  
Time makes the grape to growe  
and vine to spreade at large,  
So that the skin scarce able is  
to holde his inwarde charge :  
So Ceres fruite doth sproute  
by force of growing time,  
Which makes the strength of hidden feede  
into the stalke to clime.  
Time makes the tender twig  
to bousteous tree to grow ;  
It makes the oke to overlooke  
the slender shrubs bylow.  
It frets the culter keene  
that cuts the froting foyle ;  
It forceth hardest flint of all  
and marble to recoyle.  
Time wreakefull wrath subdues,  
it breaketh angers gall,  
And eche disease in time hath helpe :  
thus time doth conquer all.  
Though these and others like  
by proesse are procurde,  
Yet naythelesse my festred wounde  
can not in time be curde ;  
For that which sendeth false  
and comfort to the reast,  
Doth cause my ranckling fore to rage,  
and dubble in my breast.

As springs that from a mount  
 doe take their downwarde courfe,  
 To whome there may no barre be founde  
 to stop their headlong courfe ;  
 So lordlike love, yftaulde  
 and ceazde in yeelding minde,  
 May not be difpoffeft againe :  
 fuch is his ftately kinde.

*To his Friend riding to Londonwarde.*

As Troylus did reioice  
 When Crefid yeelded grace,  
 And dained him from fervice true  
 fo neere hir hart to place,  
 So have I joyde (my deare)  
 for friendship which I founde,  
 And love requited with the like,  
 which curde my carefull wounde.  
 And he full shrilly shrighr,  
 and doolde his wofull chance,  
 On Greekish steede from Trojan towne  
 when Crefid gan to prance,  
 And leave the lyked foyle  
 where did fojourne hir joie,  
 I meane the worthy Troylus  
 and lovingft youth in Troie.  
 Even fo I waile at thy  
 departure, would thou wift,  
 And out I crie a wretched wight  
 that thought himfelfe yblift.

O London! lothfome lodge,  
    why dost thou now procure  
My love to leave this pleasant foyle  
    that hath my hart in cure?  
Since needes it must be so,  
    gainfend hir home in haft:  
Let hir retire with harmelesse health,  
    that sickleffe hence is past.  
Yeelde mee a good account  
    of hir that is my joie,  
And fend hir to hir Troylus  
    that longs for hir in Troie.

*Of the raine and cloudy weather at the time of his Friends  
departure from Troie.*

No mervaile though the funne do hide his hed,  
And under cloude do keepe his lowring lookes;  
No woonder that the skie his teares doth shed,  
And with his streames increase the water brookes:  
The cause is knowne, the prooffe is passing plaine,  
My love and I be fundred to our paine.

Now she is gone that did sustaine my breath,  
And savde my ship of bodie from the wrack,  
By whome I scape the cruell hande of Death,  
Which thought to bring my corse to utter sack:  
The welkin weepes, and helpes me to bewaile  
With gushing showres the losse of mine availe.

Wherefore, O heavenly states! that rulers bee  
Of starrie skies from whence these teares discende,

And flush so fast as mortall wights doe see,  
 Of ruth in needefull time my woes to ende,  
 Procure my love to make returne in poft,  
 To gard from grieffe hir friends afflicted ghost.

If not, with flasching flame and thunder dint,  
 By Vulcan forgde and hammerd for the nones,  
 Consume to duft my flesh my wo to ftint,  
 And with thy mace (O Jove) unjoint my bones :  
 That by fuch fcath and losse of vitall breath,  
 I may avoide a worfe and ftraunger death.

For like the teene, that now my hart fustaines,  
 Was never felt, nor fuch oppreffing care :  
 Of force my life muft yeelde to pinching paines  
 Of hafting death, the fits fo furious are :  
 Which though be fo, when I am wrapt in clay,  
 (My foule) to hir thou fhalt repaire and fay :

That whilst the lyfe would suffer mee to woonne  
 With mortall wights, my hart was hers at will,  
 And now my fpindle hath his courfe yroonne  
 And twift is none yleft, thou wilt fulfill  
 The dutie which thy maifter ought of right,  
 And which he would accomplifh, if he might.

*Of a covetous Niggard, and a needie Moufe.*

ASCLEPIAD, that greedie carle,  
 by fortune found a moufe,  
 (As he about his lodgings lookte)  
 within his niggifh houfe :  
 The chiding chuffe began to chaufe,  
 and (fparefull of his cheere)

Demanded of the fiely beaft,  
 and fayde, what makfte thou heere?  
 You neede not ftand in feare (good friend)  
 the fmiling moufe replide:  
 I come not to devoure your cates,  
 but in your houfe to hide.  
 No man this mifer I account  
 that chid this hurtleffe elfe;  
 No moufe the moufe, but wifer than  
 the patch that owde the pelfe.

*A pretie Epigram of a Scholler, that having read Vergils  
 Æneidos, married a curft wyfe.*

A SCHOLLAR skillde in Vergils verfe,  
 and reading of his booke  
 (*Arma virumque*) that begins,  
 was caught in Cupids hooke.  
 At length to mariage flat he fell:  
 when wedding day was doon,  
 To play hir prancks, and bob the foole  
 the fhrowifh wife begoon.  
 The husband daylie felt the fiftes  
 and buffets of his wife,  
 Untill at laft he thus began  
 to plaine of painefull life.  
 (Oh caitiffe mee!) the fhollar cryde,  
 well worthy of this wo,  
 For *arma I virumque* read  
 in Vergill long ago;

Yet could not fee to scape the plague  
     whereof the poet spake.  
 No doubt that noble poet for  
     a prophet I will take.  
 For *arma* now *virumque* I  
     both day and night sustaine  
 At home, I neede not runne to schoole  
     to reade the verse againe.  
 Would (*virum*) were away, and then  
     let (*arma*) doe their wurft ;  
 But when I matcht with such a fhrew,  
     I think I was accurft.

*To a yong Gentleman, of taking a Wyfe.*

LONG you with greedie minde to leade a lyfe  
 That pleasaunt is in deede, and voyde of care ?  
 I never wishe you, then, to take a wyfe,  
 Nor fet your foote in craftie Cupids snare.  
 A filthie trull is yrkesome too the eie,  
 A gallant girle allures the lookers minde :  
 A wanton wench will have the head too die,  
 An a ed trot to lyke is hard to finde.  
 A bearing wyfe with brats will cloy thee fore,  
 A greater carcke than childrens care is none ;  
 A barraine beaft will greeve thee ten times more :  
 No joy remaines when hope of fruite is gone.  
 Wherefore let wyving go, lyve single aye,  
 Apply the booke, and bande the ball among.  
 A fhrew (we fee) is wedded in a day,  
 But ere a man can shift his handes tys long.

*The Aunfwere, for taking a Wyfe.*

LONG you with greedie minde to bleare mine eie,  
And make mee thinke of marige thus amiffe?  
I cannot deeme fo yll of wyving I:  
To love and wed for love is perfite bliffe.  
A filthy trull (you fay) is lothfome fight:  
Put case ſhe be not paſſing faire to vewe;  
If ſhe with vertue doe the want requight  
Of comely ſhape, thou haſt no cauſe to rue.  
A gallant girle allures the lookers minde,  
What ſhall we fay the womans is the ſhame?  
Bicauſe the cleereſt eies by courſe of kinde  
Can not abide the funne, is hee to blame?  
A wanton wench to die will have the hed:  
Canſt thou not ſee before thou wade ſo farre?  
His be the hurt that lookes not ere he wed;  
The husband may the woman make or marre.  
Put case an aged trot be ſomewhat tough:  
If coyne ſhee bring the care will be the leſſe.  
If ſhee have ſtore of muck and goods ynough,  
Thou needſte not force ſo much of handſomneſſe.  
A bearing wyfe doth make the husband glad;  
A greater joye than childrens may not bee:  
A barraine wench ſometime muſt needes be had;  
There doth not fruite ſpring out of every tree.  
So that I finde no reaſon, none at all,  
In that thou wilt a man to ſingle lyfe,  
And quite to ſhun the comfort that may fall,  
And daylie doth, to him that hath a wyfe.

For fure though some be shrewes, as some there be,  
 (As of the sheepe are some that beare no wull)  
 Yet must we praise the match whereby we see  
 The earth maintaine with men, and stored full.  
 But if you thinke so yll to take a wyfe,  
 Let others wed, leade you the single lyfe.

(qd) *G. T.*

*Of a deafe Plaintife, a deafe Defendant, and a  
 deafe Judge.*

By hap a man that could not heare,  
 but borne deafe by kinde,  
 Another cited to the court,  
 much like himselfe to finde,  
 Whose hearing sence was quight bereft :  
 the judge, that of the case  
 Should give his verdict, was as deafe  
 as deafest in the place.  
 To court they came : the plaintife praide  
 to have the unpaid rent.  
 Defendant faide, in grinding I  
 this wearie night have spent.  
 The judge behelde them both a while :  
 is this at last (quoth hee)  
 Of all your stirred strife the cause ?  
 you both hir children bee :  
 Then reason willes, and law allowes  
 your mother should have aide  
 At both your handes that are hir sonnes.  
 When thus the judge had faide,



The people laught a good to heare  
    this well discuffed cafe  
Twixt two deafe men, and thought him fit  
    to fit in judges place  
Upon so blinde a matter that  
    was deafe as any rock :  
And thus the simple men were shamde,  
    the justice had a mock.

*A promise of olde good will, to an olde friend at the  
beginning of new yere.*

THE chuffes for greedie gaine  
    and lucers loove expende  
Their new yeares gifts upon their lords  
    as erie yeare hath ende :  
But I, in token that  
    the yeare his course hath roon,  
And proufe that joyfull Janus hath  
    a novell yeare begoon :  
(As love and dutie willes)  
    the herauld of my hart,  
Here fend to you, to make a shew  
    that friendship shall not start.  
Though yeares doe change by course,  
    and alter by their kinde,  
My olde good will and faith to slip  
    I trust you shall not finde.  
Timetes will be true,  
    his love shall never blin ;  
But gather strength, and grow to more  
    than when it did begin.

*A Vow to serue faithfully.*

IN greene and growing age, in lustie yeeres,  
 In latter dayes when silver bush appeeres ;  
 In good and gladfome hap when fortune serues,  
 In lowring luck when good aventure swerves ;  
 By day when Phœbus shewes his princely pride,  
 By night when golden starres in skies do glide,  
 In winter when the groves have lost their greene,  
 In fommer when the longest dayes are seene ;  
 In happie helth when fickleffe limmes have lyfe,  
 In grieffull state, amidst my dolours ryfe,  
 In pleasant peace when trumpets are away,  
 In wreekfull warre when Mars doth beare the fway ;  
 In perillous goulfe amid the sinking fande,  
 In safer foyle and in the stable lande ;  
 When so you laugh, or else with grimmer grace  
 You beare your faithfull friend unfriendly face,  
 In good report and time of woofers fame,  
 I will be yours, yea, though I loofe the game.

*Funerall Verse upon the Death of Sir John  
 Horsey, knight.*

THAT welth assigned is to waste away,  
 And stately pompe to vanish and decrease ;  
 That worship weares and worldly wights decay,  
 And fortunes gifts, though nere so brave, do cease,  
 May well appeere by Horsey's hatefull heirce,  
 Whose corse (alas) untimely death did pierce.

Who thought thereby as nature to subdue  
By reaving breath and rowne in worldly stage,  
So blasted brute to blot, and fame that flue  
Of him that well deservde, in all his age,  
For worship and renowne to have his share  
Among the reast that prayse for vertue bare.

But seeking waies to wrong this worthy wight,  
Shee fowly myft hir purpose in the fine :  
For Horsey gaines by death's outragious spight,  
And endleffe fame, whereat his foes repine :  
But eche man else laments and cries alowde,  
That Horsey was to soone ywraapt in shrowde.

The rich report that ruth in him did raigne,  
And pittie lodgde within his looving breast ;  
The simple say that for no meaner gaine,  
He hath at any time the poore opprest :  
Thus both estates his worthy life commende,  
And both lament his overhasting ende.

Then cease (I fay) such flushing teares to shed ;  
Doo way thy doole, repreffe thy ruthfull mone,  
For Horsey lives, his foule to skies is fled,  
The onely corse is closde in marble stone.  
So that thou hast no cause to waile his chauce,  
Whome spitefull death by hatred did advaunce.

*To his Friend T. having bene long studied and well  
experienced, and now at length loving a  
Gentlewoman that forced him  
naught at all.*

I THOUGHT, good faith, and durst have gagde my hand,  
For you (friend T.) that beautie should now hight

Have rasde your hart, nor Cupid with his brand  
Have brought thy learned breast to such a plight.

I thought Minerva's gift had beene of powre  
By holefome reade to roote this fanfie out ;  
But now I see that Venus in an howre  
Can bend the best, and dawnt the wife and stoute.

Why shouldst thou seeke to make the tiger tame ?  
To win a woulfe so cruell by his kinde ?  
To suffer Æsop's snake thou art to blame,  
That stoong the man where he reliefe did finde.

Is naught in hir but womans name alone ?  
No woman sure she is, but monster fell,  
That scornes hir friend, and makes him die with mone.  
Who makes an idoll of a divell of hell.

Shee was cut out of some sea-beaten rock,  
Or taken from the cruell lyons tet,  
That feedes hir friend for friendship with a mock,  
And smiles to see him macht in follies net.

If thou wert wise (as thou art full of love)  
Thou wouldst account hir beautie but a glasse,  
And from thy hart such fanfies fond remove :  
I loth to see the lyon wer an affe.

If so she were thy faithfull friend in deede,  
And fought a salve to cure thy cruell fore,  
(As now shee seekes to make thy hart to bleede)  
Good fayth thou couldst account of hir no more.

But waying now hir great abuse to thee,  
A friend to hir, but to thyselfe a foe,  
Why shouldst thou love, or so enamoured bee ?  
Leave off be time ; let all such dotage goe.

Should I imbrace the man that hates my life ?

Should I account of him that fettes me light ?  
Should I yeeld up my throate to murthring knife,  
Or seeke for to reclaime a haggard kite ?

Haft thou not read how wise Ulyffes did  
Enstufte his eares with waxe, and close them up,  
Of Cyrce's filthie love himselfe to rid,  
That turnd his mates to swine by witches cup ?

And how he did the lyke upon the seas,  
The pleasant noysome fyrens songs tendure,  
That otherwise had wrought him great unease,  
If once they mought his mates and him allure ?

Put thou the Greekes devise againe in ure ;  
Stop up thine eares this fyren to beguile,  
Seale up those wanton eies of thine, be sure  
To lend no eare unto hir flattring stile :

For all hir talke but to deceite doth tende ;  
A canckred hart is wrapt in friendly lookes :  
Shee all hir wittes to thy decay both bende ;  
Thou art the fish, she beares the byting hookes.

No favage beast doth force a man a whit  
That loves him not : we see the dogged curre  
Fawnes not one him that with y<sup>e</sup> whip doth smite ;  
The horse hates him y<sup>t</sup> pricks him with the spurre.

And wilt thou love, or place within thy brest  
The cruell dame that weaves thy web of woe ?  
Wilt thou still fawne upon so false a guest ?  
In stead of dove wilt thou retaine a crowe ?

Beware in time, ere beautie pierce to farre ;  
Let fantasies go, love where is love againe ;  
For doubtlesse now to much to blame you arre,  
To fowe good will, and reape but fowle disdain.

I counsaile thus that may thee best advise,  
 For that my selfe did serue a cruell dame :  
 The blinde recorde can iudge of bleared eies,  
 The criple healde knowes how to heale the lame.

Shake thou betimes the yoke from off thy neck,  
 For feare the print thereof remaine behind :  
 A happie man is he that feares no check,  
 But liues at freedome with contented minde.

*An Epitaph upon the death of the worshipfull Maister  
 Richarde Edwardes, late Maister of the Children  
 in the Queenes Majesties Chappell.*

IF teares could tell my thought,  
     or plaints could paint my paine,  
 If dumbled sighes could shew my smart,  
     if wayling were not vaine :  
 If gripes that gnawe my brest  
     coulde well my grieffe expresse,  
 My teares, my plaints, my sighes, my way-  
     ling never should surceffe.  
 By meane whereof I might  
     unto the world disclose  
 The death of such a man (alas)  
     as chaunced us to lose.  
 But what avayles to mone ?  
     if life for life might bee  
 Restorde againe, I woulde exchange  
     my lyfe for death with thee :  
 Or if I might some way  
     to pay thy rawnfome know,

(O Edwards)! then beleve me sure,  
thou shouldst not lie so low;  
That O thou cruell death!  
so fierce with dint of dart,  
Due curses on my knees I yeelde  
to thee with all my hart,  
For that it list thee trie  
thy foule and cankred spite  
On that so rare a peece, on that  
so wise and worthy wight.  
Suffide thee (since thou must  
be mad) the simple fort  
To flea, or on the brutish blood  
of beastes to take the sport,  
And not in furious wise,  
with haste and headlong rage  
To kill the flowre of all our realme  
and Phænix of our age?  
The fact doth crie revenge,  
the Gods repay thine hire,  
Deepe darckned Lake of Lymbo lowe,  
and still consuming fire.  
His death, not I, but all  
good gentle harts doe mone:  
O London! though thy grieve be great,  
thou dost not mourne alone.  
The seate of Muses nine  
where fiftene welles doe flowe,  
Whose sprinckling springs and golden streames  
ere this thou well didst knowe,  
Lament to loose this plant,  
for they shall see no more

The branch that they so long had bred,  
     whereby they set such store.  
 O happie house! O place  
     of Corpus Christi! thou  
 That plantedst first, and gavste the roote  
     to that so brave a bow :  
 And Christ Church, which enjoydste  
     the fruite more ripe at fill,  
 Plunge up a thousande fighes, for grieffe  
     your trickling teares distill.  
 Whilst Childe and Chappell dure,  
     whilst Court a Court shall bee,  
 (Good Edwards) eche estate shall much  
     both want and wishe for thee.  
 Thy tender tunes and rimes  
     wherein thou woontst to play,  
 Eche princely dame of Court and towne  
     shall beare in minde alway.  
 Thy Damon and his friend,  
     Arcyte and Palemon,  
 With moe full fit for princes cares,  
     though thou from earth art gone,  
 Shall still remaine in fame,  
     and lyke so long to bide  
 As earthly things shall live, and God  
     this mortall globe shall guide.  
 For loe! thus vertue list,  
     hir pupils to advance,  
 Yet for my part I would that God  
     had given thee better chauce ;  
 A longer time on earth,  
     thy hastned death before ;



But, Edwardes, now farewell, for teares  
will let me write no more.  
Well may thy bones be lodgde,  
thy fame abroade may flie,  
Thy facred foule possesse a place  
above the starrie skie!

(qd) *Tho. Twine.*

*To his Love, that sent him a Ring wherein was grave  
Let Reason rule.*

SHALL reason rule where reason hath no right,  
Nor never had? shall Cupid loose his landes,  
His claim, his crown, his kingdome, name of might,  
And yeeld himselfe to be in reasons bandes?  
No, (friend) thy ring doth wil me thus in vaine;  
Reason and love have ever yet beene twaine.

They are by kinde of such contrarie mould,  
As one mislikes the others lewde devise:  
What reason willes Cupido never would;  
Love never yet thought reason to be wise.  
To Cupid I my homage earst have donne:  
Let reason rule the harts that she hath wonne.

*To his Friend Francis Th., leading his lyfe in the Countrie  
at his desire.*

MY Francis, whilst you breath your foming steede  
Athwart the fields, in peace to practise warre,  
In countrie whilst your keneld hounds doe feede,

Or in the wood for taken pray doe jarre ;  
 Whilst you with haukes the sielie foule doe flaye,  
 And take delight a quick retriue to haue,  
 To flee to marke, and heare the spanels baye,  
 Wasting your age in pleasure passing brave ;  
 In citie I my youthfull yeares doe spende,  
 At booke, perhaps, sometime to weare the day,  
 Where man to man, not friend to friend, doth lende,  
 With us is nought but pitch (my friend) and pay.  
 Great store of coyne, but fewe enjoy the same :  
 The owners holde it fast with lymed handes ;  
 We live by losse, we play and practife game :  
 Wee by and fell, the streate is all our landes.  
 Well storde we are of erie needefull thing ;  
 Wood, water, coale, fleshe, fish we haue ynow :  
 (What lack you ?) wyues and maides doe daylie sing,  
 The horne is rife, it fticks on many a brow.  
 But yet (I say) the countrie hath no peere ;  
 The towne is but a toyle, and wearie lyfe :  
 We like your countrie sportes (friend Francis) heere.  
 The citie is a place of bate and strife :  
 Wherefore I thinke thee wise and full of thrift  
 That fledst the towne, and hast that blessed gift.

*To a Gentlewoman that alwayes willed him to weare  
 Rosemarie (a tree that is alwayes greene) for hir  
 sake, and in token of his goodwill to hir.*

The greene that you did wish mee weare  
 aye for your looue,  
 And on my helme a braunch to beare  
 not to remooue,

Was ever you to have in minde,  
Whome Cupid hath my feere affignde.

As I in this have done your will,  
and minde to doo ;  
So I request you to fulfill  
my fanfie too :  
A greene and loving hart to have,  
And this is all that I doe crave.

For if your flowring hart should change  
his colour greene,  
Or you at length a ladie straunge  
of mee be feene,  
Then will my braunch, against his use,  
His colour change for your refuse.

As winters force can not deface  
this braunch his hue,  
So let no change of love disgrace  
your friendship true :  
You were mine owne, and so be still,  
So shall we live and love our fill.

Then may I thinke my selfe to bee  
well recompent,  
For wearing of the tree that is  
so well defent  
Against all weather that doth fall,  
When waywarde winter spits his gall.

And when wee meete, to trie me true  
 looke on my hed,  
 And I will crave an othe of you,  
 where faith be fled?  
 So fhall we both assured bee,  
 Both I of you, and you of mee.

*An Epitaph of the Ladie Br.*

STAIE (gentle friend) that paffest by,  
 and learne this lore of mee,  
 That mortall things doe live to die,  
 and die againe to bee:  
 For daylie proufe hath daylie taught,  
 and yet doth teache it plaine,  
 That all our substance comes to naught,  
 and worldly welth is vaine.  
 No rawnfome may redeeme thy fleshe  
 from lothfome lumpes of foyle;  
 The wormes will soone thy beautie freshe  
 with greedie gripe difpoyle.  
 I, that was earft of gentle bloud  
 that never sufferd ftaine,  
 Have nothing but a winding shrowde  
 in ftcad of all my gaine.  
 I twife was bound by folemne oth  
 unto a loving make;  
 Yet twas my luck to burie both,  
 and eke a thirde to take.  
 The joy that fourtie yeares had growne  
 by thofe two husbands dayes,

In two yeares space was overthrowne,  
and altred fundrie wayes.  
As luck would not allow my choice,  
fo death mislikte the fame :  
Those two agreed with common voyce  
my bondage to unframe.  
The Lady (Br) quoth Fortune tho,  
hir worship shall not loofe :  
Then shee (quoth Death) shall have no mo,  
nor other husbande choofe.  
Thus did they both contend at once  
who mought the friendlist bee ;  
Thus Death and Fortune for the nonce  
did make my body free.  
Pray, gentle friend, therefore for me  
to mightie Jove on hie ;  
For as I am so thou shalt bee,  
since thou dost live to die.  
Trust never Fortunes fickle fate,  
but Vertue still retaine :  
Thou mayst in time exchange estate,  
yet Vertue will remaine.

*Of the time he first began to love, and after how he  
forewent the same.*

HOWE may it be that snow and ife  
ingender heate ?  
Or how may glare and frost intise  
a fervent sweate ?

Or how may fommer feafon make  
of heate a colde ?  
[How may the fpring the leaves downe fhake,  
and trees unfolde ?  
Though thefe too others feeme full rare,  
To me no newes at all they are.

For I my felfe in winter tide,  
when colde was rife,  
Whote gleames of Cupid did abide,  
and stormes of strife.  
In froftie weather I was warme,  
and burning whot,  
But when the bees and birds did fwarme,  
full colde God wot :  
In winter time began my loove,  
Which I in fommer did remoove.

*The affured promise of a constant Lover.*

WHEN Phenix shall have many makes,  
And fishes fhun the silver lakes ;  
When woulfes and lambes yfeare shall play,  
And Phœbus ceafe to fhine by day ;  
When graffe on marble ftone shall groe,  
And everie man imbrace his foe ;  
When moles shall leave to dig the grounde,  
And hares accorde with hatefull hounde ;  
When lawrell leaves shall loofe their hue,  
And men of Crete be counted true ;  
When Vulcan shall be colde as ife,

- 12 Corœbus eake approved wife ;  
When Pan shall passe Appollos skill,  
And fooles of fanfies have their fill ;  
When hawkes shall dread the felie fowle,  
And men esteeme the nightish owle ;  
When pearle shall be of little price,  
And golden vertue friend to vice ;  
When fortune hath no chaunge in store,  
Then will I false and not before.  
Till all these monsters come to passe,  
I am Timetes as I was.
- 13 My love as long as lyfe shall last,  
Not forcing any fortunes blast.  
No threat, nor thraldome shall prevaile  
To cause my fayth one jote to faile,  
But as I was, so will I bec,  
A lover and a friend to thee.

*The Pine to the Mariner.*

O MAN of little wit !  
What meanes this frantick fit,  
To make thy ship of mee  
That am a slender tree,  
Whome erie blast that blowes  
Full lightly overthrowes ?  
Doth this not moove thy minde,  
That rage of roring winde]  
Did beate my boughes agood  
When earst I grue in wood ?  
How can I here avoyde  
The foe that there anyde ?

Thinkst thou now I am made  
 a vessell for thy trade,  
 I shall be more at ease  
 Amid the flasshing feas ?  
 I feare, if Æole frowne,  
 Both thou and I shall drowne.

*Againe, otherwise.*

A VASSELL to the winde  
 when earst I grew in wood,  
 How shall I favour finde  
 now fleeting in the flood ?  
 For there whilst reaching rootes did holde  
 I thought I mought be somewhat bolde.  
 But now that I am cut,  
 and framde another way,  
 And to this practife put  
 in daunger erie day,  
 I feare the force of cruell foe,  
 my ribbes are thin, my sides be lowe.  
 But if thou venter life,  
 then I will hazard lim :  
 For thee is all my grieffe,  
 for lightly I shall swim :  
 Though top and tackle all be torne,  
 yet I aloft the furge am borne.

*To an olde Gentlewoman that painted hir face.*

LEAVE off, good Beroc, now  
 to sleeke thy thrivled skin,



For Hecubes face will never be  
as Helens hue hath bin.  
Let beautie go with youth,  
renownc the glosing glasse,  
Take booke in hande : that seemely rose  
is woxen withred graffe.  
Remoove thy pecocks plumes,  
thou cranck and curious dame :  
To other trulls of tender yeares  
resigne the flagge of fame.

*Of one that had a great Nose.*

STANDE with thy nose against  
the funne with open chaps,  
And by thy teeth we shall discern  
what tis a clock, perhaps.

*Of one whose Nose was greater than his hand.*

O PROCLUS! tis in vaine  
that thou about dost stande,  
For well I see thou mindste to wipe  
thy nares with thy hande.  
Truth is, that though thou be  
fowle sifted out of frame,  
Yet doth this tossing nose of thine  
in bigneffe passe the same.  
When neezing thou on Jove  
for succour seemste to crie,

Thou canst not heare ; the nose debarres  
 the noyse to eare to flie,  
 It beateth back the sounde :  
 it standes in middle place  
 Twixt eare and mouth, but fure it castes  
 a shade to all the face.

*Of a Nightingale that flue to Colche to sit abroode.*

THOU felie foule, what meanes this foolish paine,  
 To flie to Colche too hatch thy chickins there ?  
 A mother thou mayst hap returne againe,  
 Medæa will destroie thy broode I feare ;  
 For shee that spared not to spoile hir owne,  
 Wil she stand friend to fowles that are unknowne ?

*Againe of the Nightingale.*

WHAT (Philomela) meanes this fond intent,  
 To hatch thy broode in fell Medæas lap ?  
 What ! doste thou hope hir rigor will relent  
 Towarde thy babes, that gave hir owne no pap,  
 But flue them all at once, and at a clap ?  
 I wote not what thou meanste : unlesse that shee  
 Should kill thy brats too make the mother free.

*Of a contrarie mariage.*

AN aged trot and tough  
 did marrie with a lad :

Againe, a gallant girle, to  
    hir spouse a graybeard had :  
A monstrous match (God wote) !  
    for others she doth wed :  
And he bestowes his feede on ground  
    that lets it take no hed.  
In fayth, a foolish choyce,  
    for neither hath his wilhe ;  
For tone doth lack his wife, and to-  
    ther feedes on filthie fishe.

*Of Dronkenesse.*

AT night, when ale is in,  
    like friends we part to bed ;  
In morrow gray, when ale is out,  
    then hatred is in hed.

*Againe of Dronkenesse.*

MEN having quaft  
    are friendly overnight ;  
In dawning drie,  
    a man too man a spright.

*Of the picture of a vaine Rhetorician.*

THIS Rufe his table is,  
    can nothing be more true :  
If Rufus holde his peace, this peece  
    and he are one to vewe.

*Of the fond discord of the two Theban brothers,  
Oeteocles and Polynices.*

IN death you part the fire,  
you cut the cruell flame ;  
If so you had devided Thebes,  
you might enjoyde the fame.

*Of a marvellous deformed man.*

To draw the minde in table to the fight  
Is hard ; to paint the lims is counted light :  
But now in thee these two are nothing so,  
For Nature splayes thy minde to open show.  
We see by prooffe of thy unthriftie deedes,  
The covert kinde from whence this filth proceedes ;  
But who can paint those shapelesse lims of thine,  
When eche to vewe thy carcasfe doth repine ?

*A Myrrour of the fall of Pride.*

SOMETIME the giants did rebell  
against the mightie Jove ;  
They thought in Olymp Mount to dwell,  
and long for that they strove.  
A hundred handes eche monster had  
by course of curffed kinde :  
A stock so stubborne and so mad  
I no where else can finde.  
Dame Tellus was their mother thought  
of pleasant poets all,

By whome they would have brought to nought  
the feate Olympicall.  
First Briareus began the broyle,  
who tooke a hill in hand,  
And layde it on another foyle  
that thereabout did stand ;  
Still calling on his monstros mates,  
exhorting them the fame,  
And with the reast the gnuffe debates  
how stately Gods to tame.  
Offa was layde on Pyndus back,  
and Pelion on hie :  
And thus they thought to bring to sack  
in time the starrie skie.  
They did envie the Gods the place  
by nature them assignde,  
And thought it meeter for a race  
which Tellus bred by kinde.  
They would have had the highest throne  
that Jove had long possesst ;  
And downe they would the Gods have throwne  
and princely powre represt.  
At length the route began to rore  
in making dreadfull sound,  
The like was never heard before  
to heaven from the ground.  
Then Jupiter began to gaze  
and looke about the skie,  
And all the Gods were in a maze,  
the monsters were so nie.  
They callde a counsaile then in haste,  
the Gods assembled tho,

And common sentence was at last,  
     that mightie Jove should throw  
 His thunderbolt that Vulcan lame  
     prepared for the nonce,  
 Whereby he might eftsoone make tame  
     the haughtie giants bones.  
 Then might you see the mountaines fall,  
     and hill from hill depart,  
 And monsters in the valley crawl  
     whome thunder did subvert.  
 The mountaines were not rayfde so quick,  
     but downe they fell as fast;  
 And giants in a cluster thick  
     to Tellus fell at last.  
 Such plagues had pride in former time,  
     the Gods abhorred so  
 That mortall men should dare to clime  
     the heavens hie to know.  
 And not alone the heavenly route  
     the loftie lookes correct  
 Of such as pouldly go about  
     their empire to reject;  
 But other Gods of meaner state  
     (of whome the poets write)  
 Such pievish pecocks pride doe hate,  
     and feeke revenge by might.  
 The grisly God whome flouds obey,  
     and drenching seas imbrace,  
 Who in the waters beares the sway  
     where Nereus shewes his face;  
 Whome forceth he by furge of seas  
     into Charybdis clives,

Or whome doth Neptune most diseafe,  
or whome to Scylla drives?  
Not him that beares his failes alowe,  
nor him that keeps the shoare,  
Ne yet the bargeman that doth rowe  
with long and limber oare:  
Not those that haunt the haven sure  
and port of perill voide,  
They cannot Neptunes wrath procure  
the chanell that avoide,  
But those that voide of carck and care  
and feare of Neptunes yre,  
Doe hoise their failes, and never spare  
to further their defyre,  
And doe receive whole gales of winde  
from mighty Æole sent:  
Those, those are they by course of kinde  
that Neptune makes repent.  
He spoiles the failes, and tackle teares,  
the mast it goes to wrack;  
The ribbes they rent, the shipmen feares  
when gables gin to crack.  
Then whereto serves the pilats pride  
that hoyft his failes so hie?  
And where is he that fearde no tide,  
nor threatning from the skie?  
His pride procurde his fearefull fate,  
and fortune that befell,  
Which Neptune most of all doth hate,  
as shipmen know right well.  
Let giants fall and shipmens cafe  
a myrrour be, therefore,

To such as seeke to hie a place,  
 for like shall be their lore.  
 Narcissus may example bee  
 and myrroure to the prowde,  
 By whome they may most plainly see  
 how pride hath beene allowde.  
 His beautie brave such loftie cheere  
 in him did breede in time,  
 That gods themselves agreed were  
 with such a haynous crime.  
 No looving lasse might him allure,  
 nor Dians nymphes at all,  
 By ought his friendship might procure :  
 but note ye well his fall.  
 In sommer time, as fortune would,  
 his fortune was to bee  
 In open felde, where no man could  
 his blazing beautie see.  
 At length, in raunging to and fro,  
 his fortune was to finde  
 A fountaine freshe that there did flow,  
 as Gods (I think) affinde.  
 He thought forthwith his thirst to quent  
 by pleasant trouvaile gote,  
 But there he found, or ere he went,  
 a greater droughth, God wote.  
 In stooping downe to take the taste  
 of christall waters there,  
 (Unhappie boy) had spide at last  
 a little boy appeare ;  
 Whose beautie brave, and liking looke,  
 his fanfie pleasde so well,



That there himfelfe the boy forfooke,  
and to a frenfie fell.  
He had that he fo fondly loovde,  
and yet it was not fo ;  
And from himfelfe he was remoovde  
that thence did never go.  
He was the boy that tooke the vewe,  
he was the boy epide,  
And being both he neither knewe ;  
fuch was the ende of pride.  
Then gan he fhed his teares adowne,  
then gan he make his plaint,  
And then at length he fell to grounde.  
fore feebled all with faint.  
His fpirite, that earft fo prowde was feene,  
converted into winde,  
But of his corps a flower greene  
ftill there abode behinde.  
Narciffus callde (as poets tell)  
as Narciffe was before ;  
In token that to Narciffe fell  
this moft unhappie lore.  
I could recite the histories  
of many other moe,  
Whome pievifh pride the miferies  
of fortune forft to knowe.  
But I of purpofe will let paffe  
Apollos baftard sonne,  
Who Phaeton ycleped was  
when firft his fame begonne :  
I minde not to rehearfe at all  
the charge he tooke in hande ;

I wittingly omit his fall  
    into Eridan fande ;  
But this I say assuredly,  
    had it not beene for pride,  
The charret had not gone awrie  
    though Phaeton were guide :  
But glorie vaine and want of skill  
    enforste his haughtie hart,  
Of Phœbe to crave to worke his will  
    in ruling Phœbus cart.  
The like attempt tooke Icarus,  
    from Creta that did flie  
By wings of wax with Dedalus,  
    when Icar flue to hie.  
His fathers words prevailed not,  
    nor lesson taught before,  
Till fained fethers were so whot,  
    as he could flie no more.  
For want of wings then gan he clap  
    his breast with open armes,  
Till downe he fell ; such was his hap,  
    whose pride procurde his harmes.  
When wraftling windes, from Æole sent,  
    befight themselves so long,  
That East against the West is bent,  
    and North puts South to wrong,  
Then may you heare the pine to crack  
    that beares his hed so hie,  
And loftie lugs go then to wrack  
    which seeme to touch the skie.  
When Jove flings downe his thundring bolts  
    our vices to redresse,

They batter downe the higheft holts,  
and touch not once the leffe.  
The cotte is furer than the hall  
in prooffe we daylic fee ;  
For higheft things doe fooneft fall  
from their felicitee.  
What makes the Phaenix flame with fire,  
a birde fo rare in fight ?  
What caufeth him not to retire  
from Phæbus burning light ?  
In faith, if he woulde live belowe,  
as birds Dame Nature tought,  
The Efterslings should never knowe  
their Phœnix burnt fo oft.  
All ye, therefore, that furetie loove,  
and would not have a fall,  
From you the peacocks pride remoove,  
and trust not Fortunes ball.  
Let Phætons fate be fearde of you,  
and Icars lot alfo :  
Remember that the pine doth rue  
that he fo high doth grow.

*Of the Clock and the Cock.*

GOOD reafon thou allow  
one letter more to mee,  
Than to the cock ; for cocks doe sleepe  
when clocks doe wake for thee.

*Of a Tayler.*

THOUGH taylor cut thy garment out of frame,  
 And stie thy stuffe by fowing it amis,  
 Yet must we say the taylor makes the same :  
 To make and marre is one with them ywis.

*The Lover, finding his Love flitted from wonted troth,  
 leaves to write in prayse of hir.*

THOUGH cleane contrarie be my verse  
 to thofe I wrote before,  
 Yet let not retchleffe doome accuse  
 my wandring wits the more.  
 As time doth shape and shew (they say)  
 so ought our stile to frame ;  
 In fommer funne we neede no fire,  
 yet winter asketh flame :  
 So I that earst found cause of sport  
 and matter to rejoyce,  
 If force by fansie was procurde  
 to use a gladfome voyce.  
 And now since deepe dispaire hath drencht  
 my hope, I will affay  
 To turne my tune and chaunge my cheere,  
 and leave my woonted lay.  
 Not farre unlike the chirping foule  
 in fommer that doth sing,  
 And during winter hides his head  
 till next returne of spring.

They say, when alfred is the cause  
of force effect doth sue,  
As new repaire of better blood  
doth cause a hawke to muc.  
Though Ætna burne by kindly course  
and belke out fire with fume,  
When fulpher vaine is cleane extinct  
the fire will consume.  
Whereby I may conclude aright  
that eche effect must bee  
As is his cause: so fruite ensues  
the nature of the tree.  
Then I of force must shape my stile;  
as matter is I write,  
Unlesse I would be thought to match  
a fawcon with a kite.  
When winde and wave at sea doe rore,  
that barek is in distresse,  
Then time requires that shipmen should  
their tackles all addresse:  
Then crooked ancors must be cast  
the shaken ship to stay  
From sincking sands, and ruthlesse rocks  
that shipmen oft affray.  
No sooner Triton blowes his trumpe,  
and swolen waters quailles,  
And Æole makes his windes retire,  
but hoyse they up the sailes:  
Then fleete they forward in the flood,  
then cut they waves in twaine,  
Then launch they on (as earst they did)  
with all their might and maine.

So I hereafter must assay  
     my wonted tune to chaunge  
 As time requires, and I, in love,  
     shall finde my ladie straunge.  
 If she be one of Cresids crue  
     and swarve hir former heft,  
 No Lucrece must I terme hir then,  
     for that were but a jest :  
 Or if she false hir fixed fayth,  
     Ulyffes wives renowne  
 Unfitting is for hir whose love  
     endureth but a stowne.  
 Wherefore, I will as time shall shape,  
     and she hir love prolong,  
 Applie my pen, and tell the troth  
     as best I may in song.

*He sorrowes other to have the fruities of his service.*

SOME men would looke to have  
     a recompence of paine,  
 And reason wills it so to be,  
     unlesse we list to faine :  
 Some would expect for love  
     to have unfained hart,  
 And think it but a fit reward  
     for such a good defart :  
 But I (unhappie wight)  
     that spend my love in vaine,  
 Doe seeke for succour at hir hands  
     while other get the gaine.

As thirftie ground doth gape  
to swallow in the shoure,  
Even so fare I, poore Harpalus,  
whome Cupids paines devoure.  
I holde the hive in hande,  
and paine my felfe thereby,  
While other eate the hidden foode  
that are not halfe so dry.  
I plough the foyle with paine,  
and cast my feede thereon,  
And other come that sheare the sheaves,  
and laugh when I am gon.  
Mine is the winters toile,  
and theirs the fommers gaine ;  
The harveft falles out too their share  
that felt no part of paine.  
I beare the pinching yoke  
and burden on my back,  
And other drive when I must draw,  
and thus I go to wrack.  
I fast when other feede,  
I thirft when other drinck ;  
I mourne when they triumph for joy,  
they swim when I must sinck.  
They have the hoped gaine,  
whiles I the losse indure ;  
They whole at hart, whilst I my grieffe  
by no meanes can recure.  
They shrowd themselves in shade,  
I sit in open sunne ;  
They leape as lambes in lustie leaze,  
I lie as one undunne.

They taste their nightly rest,  
    my troubled head doth wake ;  
I tosse and turne from side to side,  
    while they their pleasure take.  
I would, but they enjoy ;  
    I crave that is debar'd ;  
They have : what will you more I say ?  
    their service is prefard.  
Thus I procure my woe  
    by framing them their joy ;  
In seeking how to salve my fore,  
    I breede my chiefe annoy.  
So sheepe with wooll are clad,  
    their maisters have the gaine ;  
So birds doe builde their nests on brakes,  
    and put themselves to paine,  
But other taste the fruite  
    when so their broode is hatcht :  
The nest remaines, the birds are gone,  
    the chickens are dispatcht.  
So bees for honnie toile  
    in fleeing too and fro,  
And fillie wretches take great paines  
    for whome they little know.  
I think it is procurde  
    by griefly Gods above,  
That some should gape, and other gaine  
    the fruit of others love.  
But sure if womans will  
    be forger of my wo,  
And not the mightie Gods ordaine  
    my destnie to be so,



Then must I needes complaine,  
and curffe their cruell kinde,  
That in requitall of good will  
doe shew themselves unkinde.  
But whether be the cause,  
hereafter I intende  
To fawne on them that force on mee,  
and bowe when other bende.  
This one abuse shall make  
me take the better heede  
On whome I fixe my fanfie fast,  
or make a friend in deede.

*The Lover, seeing himselfe abusde, renounceth Love.*

- THOUGH men account it shame  
and folly to repent,  
Or grutcht good will that was bestowde  
when nought save faith was ment,  
Yet can they not denie  
but if the knot be burst,  
Then may we shew our selves unkinde  
that friendly were at first.  
He runnes an endleffe race  
that never turnes againe,  
And he a fonded lover is  
that wastes his love in vaine.  
Nought can he judge of hues,  
that can not see when guile,  
In place of friendship, cloakes hir selfe  
in forme of forged wile :

And he that plainly fees  
     the trap before his eie,  
 And will not shun from perill, tis  
     no matter though he die.  
 I tell my tale by proufe,  
     I speake it not by rot :  
 To love a subtile lasse of late  
     was fallen to my lot ;  
 On whome I fet such store,  
     such comfort and delight,  
 As life it was to see hir face,  
     a death to want hir sight.  
 So I might doe the thing  
     that might abridge hir smart,  
 And bannish all annoy that grue  
     by froward fortunes art,  
 What daunger would I dread,  
     or perill seeme to shun ?  
 None that is here bylow on earth,  
     or subiect to the sun.  
 To shew my felfe a friend  
     to hir, I was my foe ;  
 She was the onely idoll whome  
     I honorde here belowe.  
 This is (thought I) the same  
     that was Ulysses wife,  
 Who, in the absence of hir make,  
     did leade a dolefull life :  
 Or else tis she at least  
     whome Tarquyn did enforce,  
 By beastly rape with piercing sworde,  
     so to fordoe hir corse.

But such is hir abuse,  
fo frowarde eke hir grace,  
As love it may no longer last,  
since friendship hides his face.  
I did not well advife,  
I built on sincking fande,  
And when I thought she loovde me best,  
shee bore me but in hande :  
Where I had thought a porte  
and haven sure to bee,  
There found I hap and dreadfull death,  
as gazers on may see.  
As moufe that treades the trap  
in hope to finde repaft,  
And bites the bread that breedes his bane,  
and is intrapped fast,  
Like was my dolefull case  
that fed upon my wo,  
Till now repentance willes mee all  
such fanfies to forgo.  
And (thanked be good hap)  
now once againe I fleete  
And swim aloft, that fanck of late  
fast hampred by the feete.  
Now is my fortune good,  
fo fortune graunt it last  
And I as happie as the best  
now stormie cloudes are past.  
I finde the bottom firme  
and stable where I passe,  
There are no haughtie rocks at hande,  
ne yet no ground of glasse.

Good ancor holde I have,  
 fo I may use it ftill,  
 I am no more a bounden thrall,  
 but free I live at will.  
 But that which moft torments  
 my minde, and reaves my joy,  
 Is, for I fervde a fickle wench  
 that bred mee this annoy ;  
 But, Gods, forgive my guilt  
 and time mifpent before,  
 And I will be a fillie fot  
 of Cupids crue no more.

*Against the jelous heads that alwayes have Lovers  
in fufpect.*

WHEN jelous Juno faw hir mightie make  
 Had Iö turnde into a brutifh kinde,  
 More covertly of hir his luft to take,  
 To work hir will, and all his frawde to finde,  
 She cravde the cove in gift at Jove his hande,  
 Who could not well his fifters fute withftande.  
 When yeelded was hir boone, and heft fulfillde,  
 To Argus charge committed was the cove,  
 For he could wake fo well, him Juno willde  
 To watch the beaft with never fleeping browe :  
 With hundreth eies that hatefull hierds hed  
 Was dect ; fom watcht when fom to fleepe were led.  
 So warded he by day, fo wakte by night,  
 And did Dame Junos will accomplifh fo,  
 As neither Jove might once delude his fight,

Nor Iö part hir pointed pasture fro :  
His staring eies on Iö still were bent,  
He markt hir march, and fude hir as she went.

Till Jove at length, to ruth and pittie moovde  
To see the spitefull hate that Argus bare  
To hir whome he so fervently had loovde,  
And who for him abode such endlesse care,  
His fethred sonne Cylenus sent from skies  
To reave the carefull clowne his watchfull eies.

Who, to fulfill his lorde and fathers heft,  
Tooke charmed rod in hande and pipe to play,  
And gyrt him with a sworde as lykte him best,  
And to the felde he flue, where Argus laye,  
Disguised like a shepherd in his weede,  
That he his purpose might the better speede.

When eche had other salued in his fort,  
To brag upon his pipe the clowne begoon,  
And sayde, that for that noyse and gallant sport  
All other mirthes and maygames he would shoon :  
His only joy was on his pipe to playe ;  
And then to blow the rustick did affaye.

In fine, when Argus had his cunning showde,  
And eche to other chatted had a space  
Of this and that as was befallne abrode,  
Mercurius tooke his pipe from out his case,  
And thereon playde hee so passing well,  
As most of Argus eies to slumber fell.

And as they slept with charmed rod he stroke  
The drowfie dolt to keepe him in that plight,  
And playde so long till time he did provoke  
All Argus eies to byd the beast god night :

Whome when he fawe in such a slumber led,  
He stole the cowe, and swapt of Argus hed.

Such was the fine of his dispitous hate,  
Such was the boone and guerdon of his hire,  
And all the good the carefull coward gate  
For seeking to debarre the Gods desire ;  
A fit reward for such a good defart :

The cowarde might have playde a wiser part.

God fende the lyke, and worse, to such as use  
(As Argus did) with ever waking eie  
The blamelesse fort of lovers to abuse ;  
That alwayes readie are and prest to prie  
The purpose to bewray, and covert toyes  
Of faithfull friends, and barre their bliffes joyes.

I trust there will be found, in time of neede,  
A Mercurie with charmed twig in hand,  
And pleasaunt pipe, their waking eies to feede  
With drowfie dumps, their purpose to withstand ;  
That jealous heads may learne to be wies,  
For feare they lose (as Argus did) their cies.

For Cupid takes disdaine and scorne to see  
His thralls abuse in such unseemely fort,  
Who seeke no greedie gaine nor filthie fee,  
But pleasant play, and Venus fugred sport :  
A slender hire (God wote) to quite the paine  
That lovers bide, or they their love attaine.

*That it is hurtfull to conceale secrets from our  
Friends.*

A SMART in filence kept  
(as Ovid doth expresse)

Doth more torment the payned man  
than him that seekes redreffe.  
For then it respite takes,  
and leyfure to procure  
Such mischiefe as for want of helpe  
the longer doth endure.  
As if thou fet no falve  
where ranckleth swelling fore,  
It will in further processe paine,  
and thee torment the more.  
I fundrie times have seene  
a wound that earft was small,  
In time for want of furgions fight  
to greater mischiefe fall :  
And eke the balefull blowe,  
fo grievous that was thought,  
Full quickly curde by furgions sleight,  
if he were quickly fought.  
So fareth it by man,  
that keepes in covert breast  
The pinching paine that breedes within,  
increasing great unreaft :  
That never will difclose  
the secret of his hart,  
But rather suffer fervent fits,  
and deeper piercing smart.  
For why was friendship founde  
and quickly put in ure,  
But that th' one of thothers helpe  
should thinke himfelfe full sure ?  
Why are they like in minde,  
and one in erie part ?

Why are they twoo in bodies twaine,  
     posseſſing but one hart ?  
 And why doth one miſlike  
     that ſo offeudes his feere,  
 But that they two are one in deede  
     it plainely might appeere ?  
 Did Tullie ever dreade  
     his ſecrets to diſcloſe  
 To Atticus, his loving friende,  
     in whome he did reſoſe  
 Such credit and ſuch truſt,  
     and in himſelfe he might,  
 To whome full oft with painfull pen  
     this Tullie did indight ?  
 What ever Theſeus thought  
     Perythous coulde tell,  
 With wearie travell that purſude  
     his loving friende to hell.  
 Was Damon daintie founde  
     to Pythias at all,  
 For whome he woulde with Tyran ſtaide,  
     as pledge to live in thrall ?  
 In Pylades was nought  
     but that Oreſtes knewe,  
 Who privie was from time to time  
     how care or comfort grewe.  
 Gyſippus felt no grieſe  
     but Titus boade the fame,  
 And where that Titus founde reliefe,  
     their Gyſippe had his gaine.  
 When Lælius did laugh,  
     then Scipio did joy ;



And what Menetus sonne mislikte,  
    Achylles did annoy.  
Æurialus his thoughts  
    and secrets of his hart  
To Nysus would declare at large,  
    were they of joy or smart.  
All these conjoined were  
    in surest league of loove ;  
Whome neyther fortune, good or bad,  
    nor death might once remoove.  
They would not thinke in minde,  
    nor practife that at all,  
But to that fame their trustie friends  
    they would in counsell call.  
All those, therefore, that wishe  
    their inward paines redresse,  
Must to their most assured friend  
    it outwardly expresse.  
So may they chaunce to finde  
    a falve for secret fore,  
Which otherwise, in covert kept,  
    will soone increafe to more.

*Of the divers and contrarie passions and affections  
of his Love.*

To phisick those that long have gone  
    and spent their time in grieffe,  
Affirme that patients in their paines  
    will shun their best reliefe.

They will refuse the tyfants taste,  
and wholesome drinckes despise,  
Which to recure diseases fell  
phifitions did devise :  
But when they be debar'd the same,  
which so they shunde before,  
They crie and call for tyfants then,  
as soveraigne for their fore.  
Such is the wayward guise of those  
with pangues that are opprest ;  
They wish for that they never had,  
and shun that they possesse.  
I may to them right well compare  
the lovers divers thought,  
That likes, and then mislikes againe  
that they long earst had fought.  
They will not, when they may, enjoy  
their hearts desired choise :  
They then desie, they then detest  
with lowde and lothsome voice.  
They will refuse when time doth serve ;  
but when such time is gone,  
They sigh and schreach with mournfull crie,  
and make a ruthfull mone.  
They little think that time hath wings,  
or knoweth how to flie ;  
They hope to have it still at hande  
that swiftly passeth bie.  
They thinke that time will tarie them,  
and for their fanfie stay,  
But time in little time is gone ;  
it fleeteth fast away.

So standes the foole by fleeting fload,  
and looketh for a turne ;  
But river runnes and still will run,  
and never shape returne.  
What ! doe they hope that beauties glaffe  
will still continue bright ?  
Nay, when the day is gone and past,  
by course appeeres the night.  
For crooked age his woonted trade  
is for to plough the face  
With wrinckled furrowes, that before  
was chiefe of beauties grace.  
Perhaps they thinke that men are mad,  
and once intrapt in love,  
Will never strive to breake the snare,  
nor never to remove.  
No fowler that had wylie wit,  
but will foresee such hap,  
That birds will alway buske and bate,  
and scape the fowlers trap.  
And if their fortune favor so,  
then who doth mount so hie  
As those that guilefull pitfall tooke  
prepared for to die ?  
What fish doth fleete so fast as that  
which lately hangde on hooke ?  
By happie hap if he escape,  
he will not backwarde looke.  
Take time, therefore, thou foolish feeme,  
whilst time doth serve so well ;  
For time away as fast doth flee  
as any found of bell :

And thou, perhaps, in after time,  
 when time is past and gone,  
 Shall lie lamenting losse of time,  
 as colde as any stone.  
 Yet were thou better take thy time  
 whilst yet thy beautie serves ;  
 For beautie as the flower fades  
 whome lack of Phœbus sterves.

*Of Dido and the truth of hir death.*

I, DIDO, and the queene of Carthage ground,  
 Whose lims thou feest so lively fet to fight,  
 Such one I was, but never to be found  
 So farre in love as Vergill seemes to wright,  
 I livde not so in lust and fowle delight.

For neither he that wandring Duke of Troie  
 Knewe mee, nor yet at Lybie lande arivde ;  
 But to escape Iarbos that did noie  
 Mee fore, of lyfe my carcaffe I deprivde,  
 To keepe my heft that he would tho have rivde.

No storme of love, or dolour made me die :  
 I flue my felfe to save my sheete of shame  
 Wherein good Sycheus wrapped me perdie.  
 Then, Vergill, then, the greater be thy blame,  
 That so by love doft breede my fowle defame.

*Of Venus in Armour.*

IN complete [armour] Pallas saw  
 the ladie Venus stande :

Who said, let Paris now be judge ;  
    encounter we with hande.  
Replide the Goddesse: what !  
    scornste thou in armour mee,  
That naked earst in Ida Mount  
    fo foylde and conquerde thee ?

*Of a Hare complayning of the hatred of Dogs.*

THE scenting hounds pursude  
    the hastie hare of foote :  
The felie beast to scape the dogs  
    did jumpe upon a roote.  
The rotten frag it burst,  
    from cliffe to seas he fell ;  
Then cride the hare : unhappie mee !  
    for now perceiue I well,  
Both lande and sea pursue  
    and hate the hurtlesse hare ;  
And eake the dogged skies aloft,  
    if fo the dog be thare.

*To one that painted Echo.*

THOU witles wight, what meanes this mad intent  
To draw my face and forme, unknowne to thee ?  
What meant thou fo for to molestee mee,  
Whome never eie behelde, nor man could see ?  
    Daughter to talking tongue and ayre am I ;  
My mother is nothing when things are waide :

I am a voyce without the bodies aide.  
 When all the tale is tolde and sentence faide,  
     Then I recite the latter worde afrefhe  
 In mocking fort and counterfayting wies :  
 Within your cares my chiefest harbour lies ;  
 There doe I woonne, not feene with mortall eies.  
     And more to tell and farther to proccede,  
 I Eccho height of men below in grounde :  
 If thou wilt draw my counterfait in deede,  
 Then must thou paint (O painter) but a found.

*To a cruell Dame for grace and pittie.*

AS I doe lack the skill  
     to show my faithfull hart,  
 So doe you want good will  
     too rue your lovers smart.  
 The greater is my fire,  
     the leffer is your heate ;  
 The more that I desire,  
     the lesse you seeme to sweate.  
 O ! quench not so the coale  
     of this my faithfull flame  
 With naves, thou frowarde soule,  
     let yeas increase the fame.  
 Let us at length agree,  
     whome Cupid made by law  
 Eche others friend to bee  
     in fanfies yoke to draw.  
 If I doe plaie my part  
     at any time amis,

Then doe bestowe thy hart  
    where greater friendship is :  
But if in true good will  
    I beare my selfe upright,  
Let mee enjoy thee still,  
    my service to requight.  
Go thou, my fierie dart  
    of scalding whote desire,  
To pierce hir yfie hart,  
    and fet hir brest on fire,  
That I may both prolong  
    my painefull pyning dayes,  
And eke avendge hir wrong  
    that paine for pleafure payes.  
I never sawe the stone  
    but often drops would waft,  
Nor dame but daylie mone  
    would make hir yelde at last.

*To a Gentlewoman from whome he tooke a Ring.*

WHAT needes this frowning face ?  
    what meanes your looke so coye ?  
Is all this for a ring,  
    a trifle and a toye ?  
What though I reft your ring,  
    I tooke it not to keepe ;  
Therefore you neede the lesse  
    in such dispite to weepe :  
For Cupid shall be judge  
    and umpire in this case,

Or who by hap shall next  
    approche into this place.  
You tooke from mee my hart,  
    I caught from you a ring ;  
Whofe is the greateft loffe ?  
    where ought the grieffe to spring ?  
Keepe you as well my hart,  
    as I will keepe your ring,  
And you shall judge at laft  
    that you have loft nothing.  
For if a friendly hart,  
    fo stufte with ftaiide loove,  
In value doe not paffe  
    the ring, you may reprove  
The reaving of the fame :  
    and I of force muft fay  
That I defervde the blaine  
    who tooke your ring away.  
But what if you doe wreake  
    your malice on my hart ?  
Then give mee leave to thinke  
    you guiltie for your part ;  
And when fo ere I yeelde  
    to you your ring againe,  
Reftore me vp my hart  
    that now you put to paine.  
For fo we both be pleafde,  
    to fay we may be bolde  
That neyther to the loffe  
    of us hath bought or folde.



*The Lover blames his Tongue, that failed to utter his sute  
in time of neede.*

FORCAUSE I still preferde the truth before  
Shameleffe untruth, and lothfome leefings lore,  
I finde my selfe yll recompensft therefore  
Off thee my Tongue.

For good defert and guiding thee aright,  
That thou for aye mightst live devoide of spight,  
I reape but shame, and lack my chiefe delight  
For silence kept.

When happie hap by hap advaunst my case,  
And brought mee to my Ladie, face to face,  
Where I hir corps in safetie might imbrace,  
Thou heldst thy peace.

Thou madste my voyce to cleave amidst my throte,  
And sute to cease unluckylic (God wote)  
Thou wouldst not speake, tho you hadst quite forgote  
My harts behest.

My hart by thee suspected was of guile,  
For cause thou ceast to use a loving stile,  
And wordes to forge and frame with finest file  
As lovers woot.

Thou madste my blood fro paled face to start,  
And flie to seeke some succor of the hart,  
That wounded was long earst with dreadfull dart  
Off Cupids bowe.

And thou, as colde as any marble stone,  
When from my face the chillie blood was gone,  
Couldst not devise the way to make my mone  
By wordes appeere.

And (yee my teares) that woonted were to flowe  
 And streamed adowne as fast as thawed snowe,  
 Were stopt, as then yee had no powre to showe

A lovers fute.

My fighes that earst were woont to dim the Skie,  
 And caufe a fume by force of flame to flie,  
 Were tho as slack, as Welles, of weeping drie

Too showe my love.

The hart that laie incombred all within  
 Had fainted quite, had not by lookes ybin :  
 For they declarde the case my hart was in

By tongues unthroth.

*That all things are as they are used.*

WAS never ought, by Natures art  
 Or cunning skill, so wisely wrought,  
 But man by practice might conuert  
 Too worfer use then Nature thought :  
 Ne yet was ever thing so ill,  
 Or may be of so small a prise,  
 But man may better it by skill,  
 And change his fort by founde advife.  
 So that by prooffe it may be seene  
 That all things are as is their use,  
 And man may alter Nature cleene,  
 And things corrupt by his abuse.  
 What better may be founde than flame,  
 Too Nature that doth succor paie ?  
 Yet we doe oft abuse the same  
 In bringing buildings to decaie.

For those that minde to put in ure  
Their malice, moovde to wrath and ire,  
To wreake their mischiefe, will be fure  
Too spill and spoyle thy house with fire.  
So Phisick, that doth serve for ease  
And to recure the grieved foule,  
The painefull patient may diseafe,  
And make him sick that earst was whole.  
The true man and the theefe are leeke,  
For sworde doth serve them both at neede,  
Save one by it doth safetie seeke,  
And th' other of the spoile to speede.  
As law and learning doth redresse  
That otherwise would go to wrack,  
Even so doth it oft times oppresse  
And bring the true man to the rack.  
Though poyson paine the drinker fore  
By boyling in his fainting breast,  
Yet is it not refusde therefore,  
For cause sometime it breedeth reast ;  
And mixt with medicines of prooffe  
According to Machaons arte,  
Doth serve right well for our behoofe,  
And succor sends to dying harte.  
Yet these and other things were made  
By Nature for the better use,  
But we of custome take a trade  
By wilfull will them to abuse.  
So nothing is by kinde so voide  
Of vice, and with such vertue fraught,  
But it by us may be anoide,  
And brought in trackt of time too naught.

Againe there is not that so ill  
 Bylove the lampe of Phœbus light,  
 But man may better, if he will  
 Applie his wit to make it right.

*The Lover excuseth himselfe for renouncing his Love and  
 Ladie, imputing the same to his fate and constellation.*

THOUGH Dydo blamde Æneas truth  
 for leaving Carthage shore,  
 Where he well entertainde had beene,  
 and like a Prince before :  
 Though Theseus were unthrifitic thought  
 and of a cruell race,  
 That in rewarde of death escape  
 by Aryadnas lace,  
 Amid the defart woods so wilde  
 his looving lasse forfooke,  
 Whome by good hap and luckie lore  
 the drowfie Bacchus tooke.  
 Yet if the Judges in this case  
 their verdit yeelde aright,  
 Nor Theseus nor Æneas fact  
 deserue such endlesse spight,  
 As wayward women, stirde to wrath,  
 beare fixed fast in minde,  
 Still seeking wayes to wreake their yre  
 upon Æneas kinde ;  
 For neither lack of liking love,  
 nor hope of greater gaine,

Nor fickle fanfies force us men  
to breake off friendships chaine.  
They loth not that they loovde before,  
they hate not things possfest ;  
Some other weightie cause they have  
of change, as may be gest.  
And waying with my selfe eche one,  
I can none fitter finde,  
Than that to men such blessed hap  
is by the Gods assignde.  
The golden starres that guide their age,  
and planets will them so,  
And Gods (the rulers of their race)  
procure them to forgo  
Their forged faith and plighted truth,  
with promise made so sure,  
That is too seeming strong as steele,  
and likely to endure.  
For did not mightie Jove himselfe  
the swift Cylenus sende,  
To will the Troyan Prince in haste  
into Italia bende,  
And leave the lyked lande so well,  
and Carthage queene forsake,  
That made him owner of hir hart,  
and all that shee could make ?  
And such was Theseus lot, perdic,  
so hard the maydens hap,  
That shee in defart should be left  
and caught in Bacchus trap.  
Should Jafon be proclaimde and cride  
a traitor to the skies,

For that he Medea left at laſt,  
     by whome he wan the Flife ?  
 No ; ſuch was Oetes daughters chaunce  
     in cradle hir aſſignde,  
 And Jafons birthſtarre forſt the Greeke  
     to ſhowe himſelfe vnkinde.  
 For if rewardes might binde ſo faſt,  
     and knit the knot ſo ſure,  
 Their faith (no doubt) and lincked love  
     ſhould then of force endure :  
 For Dido gave him Carthage kayes,  
     the wealth, and foile withall :  
 Thoſe other two preſervde their lives  
     that elſe had livde in thrall.  
 Then ſithens ſtreaming ſtarres procure,  
     and fatal powers agree,  
 And ſtawled Gods doe condeſcend  
     that I my frienſhip flee,  
 And reave your bells, and caſt you off  
     to live in haggards wies,  
 That for no private ſtale doe care,  
     but love to range the ſkies,  
 I muſt not ſeeme then to rebell,  
     nor ſecret treaſon forge,  
 But chaunge my choyce, and leave my loove,  
     and fanſies fonde diſgorge.  
 I crave of Cupid, lorde of love,  
     a pardon for the fame,  
 For that I now reject his lawes,  
     and quite renounce his game.

*Of Ladie Venus, that having loft hir sonne Cupid, God of Love, and desirous to understand of him againe, declares, by the way, the nature of Love and Affections of the same, by pretie discription as followeth.*

WHAT time the ladie Venus fought hir little sonne,  
 That Cupid hight, and found him not, she thus begonne.  
 My friends (quoth she) if any chaunce in open streete,  
 Or crossing pathes, that wandring amorous else to meete,  
 That runnagate (I say) is mine: who so by hap  
 Shall first bring tidings of the boy, in Venus lap  
 Is sure to sit, and have, in price of taken paine,  
 A sugred kisse. But he that brings him home againe,  
 A busse. Yea, not a busse alone doubtlesse shall have,  
 But like a friend I will entreate him passing brave.  
 I tell you tis a proper youth. Marke every lim  
 And member of my straid sonne that is so trim.  
 Not fallow white his bodie is, but like to flame;  
 A fierce and fierie roling eie sets out the fame:  
 A mischievous wylie hart in breast the boy doth beare,  
 But yet his wordes are honnie like and sweete to eare.  
 His talking tongue and meaning minde afunder goe:  
 Smooth filed stile for little cost he will bestowe,  
 But being once inflamde with ire and raging wrath,  
 A cruell canckred dogged hart the urchin hath.  
 Falsc foxely subtile boy, and glosing lying lad,  
 He sports to outward sight, but inward chafes like mad.  
 A curled sponce he hath, with angrie frowning brow;  
 A little hand, yet dart a cruell way can throwe.

To shadie Acheron fometime he flings the fame,  
 And deepest damp of hollow hell those impes to tame.  
 Upon his carkasse not a cloth, but naked hee  
 Of garments goes; his minde is wrapt, and not to see.  
 Much like a fettered foule he flies, and wags his wings,  
 Now here now there: ye man fometime this miser wrings.  
 Sometimes againe the lasse to love he doth enforce:  
 Of neither kind, nor man nor maid, he hath remorse.  
 A little bow the boy doth beare in tender hande,  
 And in the same an arrow nockt to string doth stand:  
 A slender shaft, yet such a one as farre will flie,  
 And being shot from Cupids bow will reach the skie:  
 A pretie golden quiver hangs there albehinde  
 Upon his back, wherein who so doth looke, shall finde  
 A sort of sharpe and lurching shafts, unhappie boy,  
 Wherewith his ladie mother eke he doth annoy  
 Sometimes: but most of all the foolish fretting elfe  
 In cruell wife doth cruelly torment and vex himselfe.  
 Doe beate the boy, and spare him not at all, if thou  
 On him doe chaunce to light: although from childish brow  
 And moysted eies the trickling teares like fouds distill,  
 Beleeve him not, for chiefly then beguile he will.  
 Not if he smile unlose his pyniond armes, take heede,  
 With pleasant honie words though he thine eares doe feede,  
 And crave a kisse: beware thou kisse him not at all,  
 For in his lips vile venom lurcks, and bitter gall.  
 Or if with friendly face he seeme to yeelde his bow  
 And shafts to thee, his proferde gifts (my friend) forgo:  
 Touch not with tender hand the subtile flattring Dart  
 Of Love, for feare the fire thereof doe make thee smart.



Where this that I have fayde be true,  
Yee Lovers, I appeale to you :  
For ye doe knowe Cupidos toyes,  
Yee feele his smarts, yee taste his joyes.  
A fickle foolish God to ferve  
I tearme him, as he doth deserve.

*Of the cruell hatred of Stepmothers.*

THE Sonne in lawe, his Stepdame being dead,  
Began hir hierce with garlands to commende :  
Meanewhile there fell a stone upon his head  
From out the tombe that brought the boy abed ;  
A prooffe that Stepdames hate hath never ende.

*Againe.*

GLAD was the Sonne of frowning Beldams death,  
To witnesse joy to deck hir tomb gan trudge :  
A peece of marbell fell and reft his breath,  
As he (good Lad) stoode strewing flowres beneath ;  
A signe that Death dawnts not the mothers grudge.

*To Cupid, for revenge of his unkind and cruell Love.  
Declaring his faithfull service, and true hart  
both to the God of Love and his Ladie.*

IF I had beene in Troyan ground,  
When Ladie Venus tooke hir wound ;

If I in Greekiſh campe had beene,  
 Or clad in armour had beene ſeene ;  
 If Heſtor had by mee beene ſlaine,  
 Or Prince Æneas put to paine ;  
 If I the machin huge had brought,  
 By Grecian guile ſo falſely wrought,  
 Or rayfed it above the wall,  
 Of Troie that procurde the fall ;  
 Then could I not thee (Cupid) blame,  
 If thou didſt put mee to this ſhame.  
 But I have alwaies beene as true  
 To thee, and thine in order due,  
 As ever was there any wight,  
 That fayth and truth to Cupid plight.  
 I never yet deſpiſe thy lawe,  
 But aye of thee did ſtand in awe :  
 I never callde thee buffard blinde,  
 I no ſuch fault in thee did finde,  
 But thought my time well ſpent to bee  
 That I imploide in ſerving thee.  
 I wiſte thou wert of force and powre  
 To conquere Princes in an howre :  
 When thou retaindeſt mee as thy man,  
 I thought my ſelfe moſt happie than.  
 Since this is true that I have ſaide,  
 Good Cupid let mee have thy aide ;  
 Helpe mee to wreake my wrath aright,  
 And ſuccor mee to worke my ſpight.  
 To thee it appertaines of due  
 Him to aſſiſt that is ſo true ;  
 And thou of reaſon ſhouldſt torment

Such as by wilfull will are bent  
To triumph over those that ferve  
Thee in the field, and never fwerve.  
Go bend thy bowe with haftie speede,  
And make hir tigers hart to bleede :  
Cause hir that little fets by mee,  
Yet ftill to ftand in awe of thee.  
Let hir perceive thy fervent fire,  
And what thou art in raging ire :  
Now showe thy felfe no man to bec,  
Let hir a God both feele and fee.  
She forceth not my cutting paine,  
Hir vowed othes fhee wayes as vaine :  
Shee fits in peace at quiet reft,  
And fcornes at mee fo difpoffeft.  
Shee laughes at thee, and mocks thy might ;  
Thou art not Cupid in hir fight.  
Shee fpites at mee without caufe whie,  
Shee forceth not although I die.  
I am hir captive, bounde in give,  
And dare not once for lyfe to frive.  
The more to thee I call and crie,  
To rid mee from this crueltie,  
The more fhee feeke to worke hir ire,  
The more fhee burnes with fcalding fire.  
And all for Cupids fake I bide,  
From whose decrees I doe not glide :  
Wherefore (I fay) go bende thy bow,  
And to hir hart an arrow throw :  
That dart which breaketh harts of flint,  
And gives the cruell crafing dint,

Upon hir crabbed breast bestow,  
 That shee thy force and powre may know ;  
 That shee a myrrour may be knowne  
 To such as be thy deadly fone.  
 So shall they good example take,  
 How to abuse men for thy sake.  
 Let hir (good Cupid) understande,  
 That I am thine, both hart and hande ;  
 And to play quittance force a fire,  
 That shee may frie with whote desire  
 Of me, whome earst she put to paine :  
 And this is all that I would gaine.

*An Answer to his Ladie, that willed him that absence  
 should not breede forgetfulnesse.*

THOUGH noble Surrey fayde  
     that absence woonders frame,  
 And makes things out of sight forgot,  
     and thereof takes his name :  
 Though some there are that force  
     but on their pleasures prest,  
 Unmindefull of their plighted truth,  
     and falsely forged heft ;  
 Yet will I not approve  
     mee guiltie of this crime,  
 Ne breake the friendship late begoon,  
     as you shall trie in time.  
 No distance of the place  
     shall reave thee from my breast ;

Not fawning chaunce, nor frowning hap,  
shall make mee swarve my left.  
As soone may Phœbus frame  
his fierie steades to roon  
Their race from path they woonted were,  
and ende where they begoon ;  
As soone shall Saturne cease  
his bended broowes to show,  
And frowning face to friendly starres  
that in their circles go ;  
As soone the tiger tame  
and lion shall you finde,  
And brutish beastes that savage were  
shall swarve their bedlam kinde ;  
As soone the frost shall flame,  
and Ætna cease to burne,  
And restlesse rivers to their springs  
and fountaines shall returne :  
As absence breede debate,  
or want of sight procure  
Our faithfull friendships with awrie  
whilst lively death indure.  
As soone I will commit  
my selfe to Lethes lake,  
As the (sweete friend) whome I a friend  
have chose for vertues sake.  
How may a man forget  
the coale that burnes within,  
Augmenting still his secret fore  
by piercing fell and skin ?  
May martirs cease to mourne,  
or thinke of torments prest,

Whilft paine to paine is added aie,  
to further their unrest ?  
May shipmen in distresse,  
at pleasure of the winde  
Toft to and fro by furge of seas  
that they in tempeft finde,  
Forget Neptunus rage,  
or blustering Borias blast,  
When cables are in funder crackt,  
and tackle rent from maft ?  
Ne may I (friend) forget  
(unleffe I would but faine)  
The falve that doth recure my fore  
and heales the fcarre againe.  
I fend thee by the winde  
ten thoufand fighes a day,  
Which dim the fkies with clowdie fmoke  
as they doe paffe away.  
Oft gazing on the funne,  
I count Apollo bleft,  
For that he vewes thee once aday  
in paffing to the weft.  
Oh! that I had his powre  
and blafing lampe of light,  
Then thou, my friend, should ftand afurde  
to never fee the night.  
But fince it is not fo,  
content thy felfe a while,  
And with remembrance of thy friend  
the lothfome time begile ;  
Till Fortune doe agree  
that we fhall meete againe,

For then shall prefence breede our joies  
whome abfence put to paine.  
And of my olde good will  
(good friend) thy felfe affure :  
Have no diftruft, my love shall laft  
as long as life shall dure.

*Of a Thracyan that was drownde by playing on the Iſe.*

A THRACYAN boy, well tipld all the day,  
Upon a frozen ſpring did ſport and play ;  
The flipper iſe with hieft of bodies ſway  
On fodaine brake, and ſwapt his head away :  
It ſwam aloft, bylowe the carcas lay.  
The mother came and bore the head away ;  
When ſhee did burie it thus gan ſhee fay :  
This brought I foorth in flame his hierce to have,  
The reft amids the flood to finde a grave.

*[The Lover hoping in May to have had redreſſe of his woes,  
and yet forwly miſſing his purpoſe, bewailes his  
cruell hap.*

YOU that in May have bathde in blis,  
And founde a ſalve to eaſe your fore,  
Do May obſervaunce : reaſon is  
That May ſhould honord be therfore.  
Awake out of your drowſie ſleepe,  
And leave your tender beds of downe,  
Of Cupids lawes that taken keepe,  
With fommer flowers deck your crowne.

As foone as Venus starre doth showe,  
 That brings the dawning on his back,  
 And cheereful light begins to growe,  
 By putting of his foe to wrack,  
 Repaire to heare the wedded makes,  
 And late ycoupled in a knote,  
 The nightingale that fits in brakes,  
 And telles of Tereus truth by note ;  
 The thruffell, with the turtle dove,  
 The little robin eke yfeare,  
 That make rehearfall of their love,  
 Make hafte (I fay) that yee were theare.  
 Into the fieldes where Dian dwels,  
 With nimphes enviroind round about,  
 Hafte yee to daunce about the wels,  
 A fit pastime for such a rout.  
 Let them doe this that have receivde  
 In May the hire of hoped grace ;  
 But I, as one that am bereavde  
 Of bliffefull state, will hide my face,  
 And doole my daies with ruthfull voice,  
 As fits a retchleffe wight to doe,  
 Since now it lies not in my choise  
 To quite mee from this curfed woe.  
 I harbour in my breast a thought  
 which now is turned another way,  
 That pleasant May would mee ybrought  
 From Scylla to a better bay.  
 Since all (quoth I) that Nature made,  
 And placed here in earth bylowe,  
 When Spring returnes, of woonted trade  
 Doe banish grieffe that earst did growe,



And chaungeth eke the churlish cheere  
And frowning face of Tellus hewe,  
With vernant flowers that appeere  
To clad the foile with mantell newe :  
Since snakes doe cast their shriveled skinnes,  
And bucks hang up their heads on pale ;  
Since frisking fishes lose their finnes,  
And glide with new repaired scale,  
Then I of force with greedie eie  
Must hope to finde to ease my smart.  
Since eche annoy in Spring doth die,  
And cares to comfort doe conuert,  
Then I (quoth I) shall reach the port,  
And fast mine ancker on the ground,  
Where lyes my pleasure and disport,  
Where is my furetie to be found.  
There shall my beaten barke have rode,  
And I for service done be paid ;  
My forrowes quite shall be unlode.  
Even thus unto my selfe I said,  
But (out alas !) it falles not so,  
May is to mee a month of mone,  
In May, though others comfort gro,  
My feedes of grieve are surely fowne.  
My bitter teares for water ferve,  
Wherewith the garden of my brest  
I moist, for feare the feedes should sterfe,  
And thus I frame mine owne unrest.  
Let others, then, that feelen joy  
Extole the merrie month of May,  
And I that tasted have annoy,  
In praise thereof will nothing say ;

But with returne of winters warre,  
 And bluftring force of Borias force againe,  
 Thefe fower feedes of wo to marre,  
 By force of winde and wifking raine :  
 And fo, perhaps, by better fate,  
 At next returne of fpring, I may,  
 By chaunging of my former ftate,  
 Caft off my care, and change my lay.

*To a fickle and unconstant Dame, a friendly warning.*

WHAT may I thinke of you (my fawlcon free)  
 That having hood, lines, buets, bells of mee,  
 And woonted earft, when I my game did fpring,  
 To flie fo well and make fuch nimble wing,  
 As might no fowle for weightneffe well compare  
 With thee, thou wert a bird fo paſſing rare :  
 What may I deeme of thee (fayre fawlcon) now,  
 That neyther to my lure nor traine wilt bow.  
 But this, that when my backe is turnde and gon,  
 Another gives thee rumpes to tyre upon.  
 Well, wanton, well ; if you were wife in deede,  
 You would regard the fiſt whereon you feede :  
 You would the horſe devouring crow refuſe,  
 And gorge your ſelfe with fleſhe more fine to chuſe.  
 I wiſhe thee this for woonted olde good will  
 To flie more hie, for feare the ſtowing will  
 Breede him, that now doth keepe thee, out of love,  
 And thinke his fawlcon will a buffard prove.  
 Which if he deeme, or doe ſuſpect at all,  
 He will abate thy fleſh, and make thee fall.

So that of force thou shalt enforced bee  
Too doe by him as nowe thou dost by mee :  
That is, to leave the keeper, and away.  
Fawlcon, take heede, for this is true I fay.

*The Lover to his Ladie, that gazed much up to the Skies.*

My girle, thou gazeft much  
upon the golden skies :  
Would I were Heauen ! I would behold  
thee then with all mine eies.

*The Penitent Lover, utterly renouncing love, craves  
pardon of forepassed follies.*

IF such as did amiffe,  
and ran their race awrie,  
May boldely crave at judges hand  
some mercie ere they die,  
And pardon for their guilt  
that wilfully transgreft,  
And fawe the bownds before their eies  
that vertue had adreff :  
Then I, that brake the bancks  
which reafon had affignde  
To such as would purfue hir traine,  
may ftande in hope to finde  
Some favour at hir hand,  
fince blinde forecast was caufe,  
And not my wilfull will in fault,  
that I have fvervde hir lawes.

Misguided have I beene,  
     and trayned all by trust,  
 And love was forger of the fraude,  
     and furtherer of my lust :  
 Whose vele did daze mine eies,  
     and darckned so my sight  
 With errors foggie mist at first,  
     that reason gave no light.  
 And as those wofull wightes  
     that faile on swelling seas,  
 When windes and wrathfull waves conspire  
     to banish all their ease ;  
 When heavenly lamps are hid  
     from shipmens hungrie eies,  
 And lodestarrs are in covert kept  
     within the cloudie skies ;  
 As they without respect  
     doe follow Fortunes lore,  
 And run at randome in the flood  
     where Æols impes doe rore,  
 Till golden crested Phebe,  
     or else his sisters light,  
 Have chafde away those noysome clouds,  
     and put the same to flight :  
 So I (unhappie man)  
     have followde love a space,  
 And felt the whottest of his flame,  
     and flashing fierie blafe.  
 In darknesse have I dwelt,  
     and errours uglie shade,  
 Unwitting how to raise a starre  
     from perill to evade.

Few daies came on my head  
    wherein was cause of joy,  
But day and night were readie both  
    to haften mine anoy.  
Short were my sleepes (God wot)  
    moft dreadfull were my dreames,  
Mine cies (as conduits of the hart)  
    did gush out faltish streames :  
Tormented was my corse,  
    my minde was never free,  
But both replete with anguish aye,  
    differde fought to bee.  
No place might like mee long,  
    no pleasure could endure,  
In stead of sport was smart at hande,  
    for pastime paine in vre :  
A bondman to my selfe,  
    yet free in others fight,  
Not able to resist the rage  
    of winged archers might.  
Thus haue I spent my time  
    in seruage as a thrall,  
Till reason of hir bountie lift  
    mee to hir mercie call.  
Now haue I made returne,  
    and by good hap retirde  
From Cupids camp and deepe dispaire,  
    and once againe aspired  
To Ladie Reasons stawle,  
    where wisedome throned is,  
On promise of amends releast,  
    is all that was amis.

To Plato now I flie,  
 and Senecs found advice :  
 A fatch for love ! I force not now  
 what chaunce fall on the dice.

*To his Friend that refufde him without caufe why, but  
 onely upon delight of chaunge.*

YOU showe your felfe to bee  
 a woman right by kinde :  
 You lyke and then mislyke againe,  
 where you no caufe doe finde.  
 I can not thinke that love  
 was planted in your brest,  
 As did your flattring lookes declare,  
 and perjurde tongue protest.  
 Thou swarste alone that I  
 thy fanfie did subdue,  
 Then why should frensie force thee now  
 to show thy felfe untrue ?  
 Fie, faithlesse woman, fie !  
 wilt thou condemne the kinde  
 Bicaufe of iust report of yll,  
 and blot of wavering minde ?  
 Too playne it now appears  
 that lust procurde thy loue,  
 Or else it would not so decay  
 and caufelesse thus remove.  
 I thought that I at first  
 a Lucrece had subdude,

But nowe I finde that faufie fonde  
my fenfes did delude :  
I deemde that I had got  
a fawlcon to the fist,  
Whome I might quickly have reclaimde ;  
but I my purpofe mift,  
For (oh) the worfer hap,  
my fawlcon is fo free,  
As downe ſhe ſtoupes to ſtraungers hire,  
and forceth leaft of mee.  
Good ſhape was yll beſtowde  
upon fo vile a kite,  
That haggard wiſe doth love to live,  
and doth in chaunge delight.  
Yeeld me thy flanting hood,  
ſhake off thoſe belles of thine,  
Such checking buffards yll deſerve  
or bell or hood fo fine.  
With fowles of baſer fort  
how can you brooke to flie,  
That earſt your nature did to hawkes  
of ſtately kinde applie ?  
If want of pray enforſte  
this chaunge, thou art too blame,  
For I had ever traines in ſtore  
to make my fawlcon game.  
I had a taffell eke,  
full gentle by his kinde,  
Too flie with thee, in uſe of wing  
the greater joy to finde.  
No ; doubtleſſe wanton luſt  
and fleſhly fowle deſire

Did make thee loath my friendly lure,  
 and fet thy hart on fire.  
 Too trie what mettall was  
 in buffards to be founde,  
 This, this was it that made thee stowpe  
 from loftie gate to grounde :  
 Wherefore if ever luck  
 doe let me light on thee,  
 And Fortune graunt me once againe  
 thy keeper for to bee,  
 Thy diet shall be fuch,  
 thy tiring rumpes so bare,  
 As thou shalt know thy keeper well,  
 and for none other care.  
 Meanewhile on carren feede,  
 thy hungrie gorge to glut,  
 That all thy lust in daylie change  
 and diet new dost put.  
 Difeases must of force  
 fuch feeding fowle ensue :  
 No force to me ; thou wert my bird,  
 But (fawlcon) now adue.

*To one that, upon surmise of aduersitie, forewent  
 hir Friend.*

As too the whyte, and lately lymed house  
 The doves doe flock in hope of better fare,  
 And leave their home of culvers cleane and bare :  
 As to the kitchin postes the peeping moufe,



Where vittailles fine and curious cates are drest,  
 And shoons the shop where livelyhood waxeth thin,  
 Where he before had fillde his emptie skin,  
 And where he chofe him first to be a gueft :  
 As lyfe unto the lyving carcaffe cleave,  
 But balke the fame made readie to the beare,  
 So you that earft my friend to seeming weare,  
 In happie ftate, your needie friend doe leave.  
 Unfriendly are thofe other, dove and moufe,  
 That doe refufe olde harbour for a newe,  
 And make exchange for lodge they never knewe :  
 Unfriendly eke the flowe and lumpifh lowfe,  
 But more uncivill you that wittie arre  
 To judge a friend, your friendship to forgo  
 Without a caufe and make exchanges fo ;  
 For friendes are needed moft in time of warre.  
 Put cafe that chauce withdrew hir olde good will,  
 And frownde on mee to whome fhee was a friend,  
 Is that a reafon why your love fould end ?  
 No, no, you fould a friend continue ftill ;  
 For true good will in miferie is tride,  
 For then will none but faithfull friends abide.

*To Maifter Googes fansie that begins : Give monie mee,  
 take friendship who fo lift.*

FRIEND Googe, give me the faithfull friend to trust,  
 And take the fickle coine for mee that luft ;  
 For friends in time of trouble and diftreffe  
 With help, and found advife will foone redrefse

Eche growing grieffe that gripes the penfive brest.  
 When monie lies lockt up in covert chest.  
 Thy coine will caufe a thousand cares to grow,  
 Which if thou hadft no coine thou couldft not know.  
 Thy friend no care but comfort will procure,  
 Of him thou mayft at neede thy felfe affure.  
 Thy monie makes the theeefe in waite to lie,  
 Whofe fraude thy friend and falshood will defcrie.  
 Thou canft not keepe unlockt thy carefull coine,  
 But fome from thee thy monie will purloine :  
 Thy faithfull friend will never ftart afide,  
 But take his fhare of all that fhall betide.  
 When thou art dead thy monie is bereft,  
 But after life thy truffie friend is left :  
 Thy monie ferves another maifter than,  
 Thy faythfull friend lincks with none other man.  
 So that (friend Googe) I deeme it better I  
 To choofe the friend, and let the monie lie.

*The Lover abused renownceth Love.*

FOR to revoke to penfiue thought,  
 And troubled head my former plight,  
 How I by earnest fute have fought  
 And griefull paines a loving wight,  
     For to accoy, accoy,  
     And breede my joy,  
 Without anoy, makes faltifh bryne  
 To fluff out of my vapord eyne.  
     To thinke upon the fundrie fnares

And privie panthers that were led  
To forge my daylie dolefull cares,  
Whereby my hoped pleafures fled,  
    Doth plague my hart, my hart,  
    With deadly smart,

Without defart, that have indurde  
Such woes, and am not yet recurde.

Was never day come on my hed  
Wherein I did not sue for grace,  
Was never night but I in bed  
Unto my pillow tolde my cafe,  
    Bayning my brest, my brest,  
    For want of rest,

With teares opprest, yet remedie none  
Was to be found for all my mone.

If she had dained my good will,  
And recompensd me with hir love,  
I would have beene hir vassell still,  
And never once my hart remove :

    I did pretend, pretend,  
    To be hir friend

Unto the end ; but she refusde  
My loving hart, and me abusde.

I did not force upon the spite  
And venemous stings of hissing snakes ;  
I wayed not their words a mite,  
That such a doe at lovers makes :

    I did rejoyce, rejoyce,  
    To have the voyce

Of such a choyce, and smild to see  
That they reported so of mee.

Oh mee! moſt luckie wight (quoth I)

At whome the people ſo repine :

I truſt the rumor that doth flie

Will force hir to my will incline,

And like well mee, well mee,

Whome ſhee doth ſee,

Hir love to bee, unfainedly,

In whome ſhee may full well affie.

But now at length I plainly vew

That woman never gave hir breſt ;

For they by kindly courſe will rue

On ſuch as ſeeme to love them beſt :

And will relent, relent,

And be content,

When nought is ment, ſave friendly hart,

And love for never to depart.

Some cruell tiger lent hir tet

And ſoftred hir with ſavage pap,

That can not finde in hart to let

A man to love hir; ſince his hap

Hath ſo affignde, affignde

To have his minde

To love inclinde, in honeſt wife

Whome ſhee ſhould not of right deſpiſe.

But ſince I ſee hir ſtonie hart

Cannot be pierſt with pitties launce ;

Since nought is gainde but wofull ſmart,

I doe intende to breake the daunce,

And quite forgo, forgo

My pleaſant ſo,

That paines mee ſo, and thinkes in fine

To make me like to Circes swine,  
I cleane defie hir flattering face,  
I quite abhorre hir luring lookes :  
As long as Jove shall give mee grace,  
Shee never comes within my bookes.

I doe detest, detest

So false a guest,

That breeds unrest, where she should plant  
Hir loue, if pittie did not want.

Let hir go seeke some other foole,  
Let hir inrage some other dolt ;  
I have beene taught in Platos schoole  
From Cupids banner to revolt,

And to forsake, forsake,

As fearefull snake,

Such as doe make a man but smart  
For bearing them a faithfull hart.

*The forsaken Lover laments that his Ladie is matched  
with an other.*

As Menelaus did lament  
When Helena to Troie went,  
And to the Teucrian guest applide,  
And all hir countrie friends defide ;  
Even so I feele tormenting paine  
To lurck in erie little vaine,  
And ranfack all my corse to see  
That shee hath now forsaken mee,

The faithfull friend that she could finde ;  
 But fickle dames will to their kinde.  
 A simple chaunge in fayth it was  
 To leave the lyon for the asse :  
 Such chopping will but make you bare,  
 And spend your lyfe in carck and care,  
 You might have taken better heede  
 Then left the graine, and chose the weede :  
 Your harvest would the better beene,  
 If you had to your bargin eene,  
     But to recant it is to late ;  
     Go too, a Gods name, to your mate.  
 Tis muck that makes the pot to play,  
 As men of olde were woont to say ;  
 And women marrie for the gaine,  
 Though oft it fall out to their paine,  
 And, as I geffe, thou hast ydoon.  
 When all thy twist is throughly spoon,  
 It will appeere unto thy foes,  
 Thou pluckst a nettle for a rose :  
     In fayth, thy friend would loth to see  
     Thy curfed luck fo yll to bee.

*Of one that was in reversion.*

ANOTHER hath that I did bie,  
     and I enjoy that hee imbrafte :  
 I reape the graine, and pluck the peare,  
     but he had peare and corne at laste.  
 Which fithens Fortune hath allowde,  
     let eyther well contented bee :

I hate him not for his delights ;  
     then let him doe the lyke to mee.  
 For fo we both be pleafde, I fay,  
     this bargaine was devifed well :  
 Let him with prefent good delight  
     as I what time to mee it fell.  
 If ever he by hap forgo,  
     I trust my hope is not in vaine ;  
 I hope the thing I once enjoyde  
     will to his owner come againe.  
 Which if be fo, then happie I  
     that had the firft, and have the lafte.  
 What better fortune may there bee  
     than in reverfion to be plafted ?

*That all hurts and loffes are to be recovered and recured.  
 fave the cruell wound of Love.*

THE furgeon may devife  
     a falve for erie fore,  
 And to recure all inwarde griefes  
     phifitions have in ftore  
 Their fimples to compownde,  
     and match in mixture fo,  
 As ech difeafe from ficklie corfe  
     they can enforce to go.  
 The waftfull wrack of welth  
     that merchants doe fuftaine,  
 By happie vent of gotten wares  
     may be fupplide againe.  
 A towne by treafon loft,  
     a forte by falfehood woon,

By manly fight is got againe,  
and helpe of hurtfull goon.  
Thus eche thing hath redresse,  
and sweete recure againe :  
Save onely love, that farther frets,  
and feedes on inward paine.  
No Galen may this grieffe  
by phisicks force expell ;  
No reafons rule may ought prevaile  
where lurking love doth dwell.  
The patient hath no powre  
of holesome things to taste ;  
No drench, no drug, nor sirop sweete,  
his hidden harme may waste.  
No comfort comes by day,  
no pleafant sleepe by night,  
No needefull nap at noone may ease  
the lovers painefull plight :  
In deepe dispaire he dwels  
till in comes hope of ease,  
Which somewhat lessens paines of love,  
and calmes the surge of seas.  
His head is fraught with thoughts,  
his hart with throwes replete,  
His eies amazde, his quaking hand,  
his stomack lothing meate.  
This bale the lover bides  
and hatefull hagge of hell,  
And yet himfelfe doth deeme that he  
in Paradyce doth dwell.



*Of the choise of his Valentine.*

WITH others I to choose a valentine  
 Addrest my felfe : ech had his dearest friend  
 In scrole ywrit, among the reast was mine.  
 See now the luck by lot that chaunce doth fend  
     To *Cupids* crewe, marke Fortune how it falls,  
     And mark how *Venus* imps are Fortuns thralls.  
 The papers were in couert kept from sight :  
 In hope I went to note what hap would fall ;  
 I choze, but on my friend I could not light,  
 (Such was the Goddesse wil that wildes the ball).  
     But see good luck : although I mist the same,  
     I hapt on one that bare my ladies name.  
 Unegall though their beauties were to looke,  
 Remembrance yet of hir well featurd face  
 So often seene, thereby my senses tooke,  
 Unhappie though she were not then in place.  
     Long you to learne what name my ladie hight ?  
     Account from U. to. A. and spell aright.

*Of an open Foe and a fayned Friend.*

NOT he so much anoies  
     that faves, I am thy fo,  
 As he that beares a hatefull hart,  
     and is a friend to tho.  
 Of tone we may beware,  
     and flie his open hate,  
 But tother bites before he barck,  
     a hard avoyded mate.

*Againe.*

OF both give mee the man  
 that faves, I hate in deede,  
 Than him that hath a knife to kill,  
 yet weares a friendly weede.

*Of a ritche Miser.*

A MISERS minde thou haft,  
 thou haft a princes pelfe ;  
 Which makes thee welthy to thine heire,  
 a beggar to thy felfe.

*Of a Painter that painted Favour.*

THOU (painter fond) what means this mad devise  
 Favour to drawe ? fith uncouth is the hed  
 From whence it comes, and first of all was bred.  
 Some deeme that it of beautie doth arise,  
 Dame Fortunes babie and undoubted sonne,  
 Some other do furmife this favour was :  
 Againe, fome think by chaunce it came to paffe ;  
 Another faies of vertue it begonne.

What mate is he that daylie is at hand ? *Ques.*

Faire speaking he and glosing flattrie hight. *Auns.*

What he that slowly comes behind ? *Auns.* Despight. *Ques.*

What they (I pray) that him inviron stand ? *Ques.*

Wealth, honor, pride, and noble needefull lawes. *Auns.*

And leading lust that drives to thousand ills.

What meane thofe wings, & painted quivering quills? *Ques.*  
 Caufe upward aie Dame Fortune favour drawes. *Auns.*  
 Why blinde is favour made? (*Auns.*) for caufe that he *Ques.*  
 That is unthriftie once yplaft amount  
 From bafer ftep, not had in any count,  
 Can not difcerne his friends, or who they be.  
 Why treades he on the tickle turning wheele? *Ques.*  
 He followes fortunes fteps and giddie gate, *Auns.*  
 Unftaied chances aie unfteadfast mate,  
 And when that things are well, can never feele.  
 Then tell me one thing else to peafe my minde,  
 My laft demaund. What meanes his fwelling fo? *Ques.*  
 How chaunft that favour doth fo proudly go? *Auns.*  
 Good haps by courfe us men doe maken blinde.

*The Lover whose Lady dwelt fast by a Prifon.*

ONE day I hide me faft unto the place  
 Where logde my love, a paffing propre dame  
 For head, hand, leg, lim, wealth, wit, comly grace;  
 And being there my fute I gan to frame:  
 The fmokie fighes bewrayde my fire flame;  
 But cruell thee, difdainefull, coy, and curft,  
 Forft not my words, but quaild her friend at furft.

Whereat I lookt me up a wofull wight,  
 And threw mine eis up to the painted skie,  
 In minde to waile my hap; and faw in fight  
 Not far from thence a place where prifners lie,  
 For crimes forepafte the after paines to trie:  
 A laberinth, a loathfome lodge to dwell,  
 A dungeon deepe, a dampe as darke as hell.

Oh happie you (quoth I) that feel the force  
 Of girding gyve, thirst, cold and stonie bed,  
 Respect of mee, whose love hath no remorse !  
 In death you live, but I in life am ded,  
 Your joy is yet to come, my pleasure fled.  
 In prifon you have mindes at freedome aye,  
 I free am thrall, whose love seekes his decaye.

Unworthy you to live in such distresse  
 Whose former faults repentance did bewaile :  
 More fitter were this ladie mercileffe  
 At grate to stand, with whome no tears prevaile :  
 More worthy she to live in loathsome gaile,  
 That murders such as sue to hir for lyfe,  
 And spoyles hir faithfull friends with spiteful knyfe.

*Complaint of the Long Absence of his Love, upon the  
 first Acquaintance.*

O curfed, cruell, canckred, chauce !  
 O fortune full of spight !  
 Why haft thou so on sodaine rest  
 from mee my chiefe delight ?  
 What glorie shalt thou gaine, perdie,  
 or purchase by the rage ?  
 This is no conquest to be callde :  
 wherefore thy rage affwage.  
 To soone eclipsed was my joy,  
 my dolors grow to fast ;  
 For want of hir that is my life,  
 my life it cannot last.  
 Is this thy fickle kind so soone  
 to hoise a man to joy,

And ere he touch the top of bliffe  
to breede him fuch any?  
Nowe doe I plaine perceive and see  
that poets faine not all,  
For churlifh chaunce is counted blinde,  
and full of filthy gall.  
I thought there had bene no fuch dame  
ne goddeffe on a wheele,  
But now too well I know her kinde,  
too foon hir force I feele;  
And that which doth augment my fmart,  
and maketh more my woe,  
Is for I felt a fodaine joy  
where now this grieve doth grow.  
If thou hadft ment (unhappie hap)  
thus to have nipt my joy,  
Why didft thou fhow a fmyling cheere  
that fhouldft have lookt acoy?  
For griefes doe nothing grudge at all,  
but where was bliffe before:  
None wailes the want of wealth fo much  
as he that had the ftore.  
Not he that never faw the funne  
complaines for lack of light,  
But fuch as faw his golden gleames,  
and knew his cheerefull might.  
Too late I learne, through fpitefull chaunce,  
that joy is mixt with wo,  
And eche good hap hath hate in hoorde;  
the courfe of things is fo.  
So poyfon lurcks in fuger sweete,  
the hooke fo hides the bayte;

Even fo in greene and pleafant graffe  
 the ferpent lies in wayte.  
 Ulyffes wife, I learne at laft  
 thy forrow and diftreffe,  
 In abfence of thy lingring love,  
 that fhould thy woes redrefse.  
 Great was your grieffe (ye Greekiſh Girlles)  
 whilſte ſtately Troie ſtood,  
 And kept your husbands from your laps  
 in perill of their blood.  
 All ye, therefore, that have affayde  
 what torments lack procures  
 Of that you love, lament my lack  
 which overlong endures.  
 Ye winds, tranſport my foking ſighes  
 to my new choſen friende ;  
 So may my forrow ſwage, perhaps,  
 and dreerie ſtate have ende.  
 Ye ſighes, make true report of teares,  
 that ſo beraine my brest,  
 As Helens husbands never were  
 for treaſon of his gueſt.  
 If thou (my letter) maiſt attaine  
 the place of hir abode,  
 Doe thou, as herauld of the hart,  
 my forrowes quite unlode.  
 In thee, as in a myrrour cleere  
 or chriſtall, may ſhe vewe  
 My pangues, my paynes, my ſighes and teares,  
 which tigers could but rewe.  
 There ſhall ſhee ſee my ſecret parts  
 encombred all with mone,

My fainting lims, my vapord eien,  
 with hart as colde as stone.  
 I know shee can but rue my case  
 when thou presents my fute,  
 Wherefore play thou thy part so well  
 that I may reape the frute.  
 And if (when shee hath read thee through)  
 shee place thee in hir lap,  
 Then change thy cheere, thy maister hath  
 his long desired hap.

*The ventrous Lover, after long absence, craves his Ladie  
 to meeete with him in place to enterparle of  
 hir adventures.*

IF so Leander durft  
 from Abydon to Seft  
 To swim to Herô, whome he chose  
 his friend above the rest,  
 And gage his comely corse  
 unto the sowing tyde,  
 To lay his water beaten lims  
 fast by hir tender side ;  
 Then I (my deare) whose gleames  
 and ardor doth surpasse  
 The scorching flame and blasing heate  
 that in Leander was,  
 May well presume to take  
 the greatest toyle in hande,  
 To reach the place where thou dost lodge  
 the chiefe of Venus bande.

For not Leanders love  
     my friendship doth excell,  
 Nor Herô may compare with hir  
     that beares dame Beauties bell.  
 There resteth nought for thee  
     but to assigne the place,  
 The mirrie day, the joyfull houre  
     when I may see thy face.  
 Appoint the certaine tide  
     and fixed stem of stay,  
 And thou shalt see thy faithfull friend  
     will quickly come his way,  
 Not dreeding any doubt,  
     but ventroufly will go  
 Through thick and thin, to gaine a glimpse  
     of thee his fugred so.  
 Where when by hap we meete,  
     our long endured woes  
 Shall ftint by force of friendly thoughts  
     which we shall then discloes.  
 Then eyther may unfolde  
     the secrets of the hart,  
 And shew how long dislodge hath bred  
     our cruell cutting smart.  
 Then may we freely chat  
     of all forepassed toyes,  
 And put those pensive pangues to flight  
     with new recourse of joyes.  
 Then pleasure shall possesse  
     the lodge where dolour lay,  
 And mirrie blincks put cloudes of care  
     and lowring lookes away :



Then kissing may be plide  
    and clipping put in ure,  
And lingred fores by Cupids falves  
    aspire to quick recure.  
Oh! dreede thou not at all,  
    set womans feare a part,  
And take the courage of a man  
    that haft a manly hart,  
In hoftage aie with thee,  
    to use at thy devife,  
In all affaires and needefull houres,  
    as matter shall arife.  
Revoke to loving minde  
    how ventrous Thisbe met  
In fearefull night with Pyramus  
    where Nynus tombe was set :  
So hazard thōu to come  
    unto the pointed place,  
To thwart thy friend, and meete with him  
    that longs to see thy face ;  
Who better will attend  
    thy friendly comming there,  
Than Pyramus of Thysbe did  
    his difappointed feere.  
For (oh !) their meeting was  
    the reaver of their breath,  
The crop of endleffe care, and cause  
    of either lovers death.  
But we fo warely will  
    our fixed time attende,  
As no mishap shall grow thereby ;  
    And thus I make an ende

With wishing well to thee,  
 and hope to meete in place  
 To enterparle with thee (my friend)  
 and tell my dolefull case.

*To Maister Googe his Sonet out of sight out of thought.*

THE lesse I see, the more my teene,  
 The more my teene the greater griefe,  
 The greater griefe, the leffer seene,  
 The leffer seene, the lesse reliefe ;  
 The lesse reliefe the hevier spright,  
 When P. is farthest out of sight.

The rarer seene, the rifer fobs,  
 The rifer sobbes, the sadder hart,  
 The sadder hart, the greater throbs,  
 The greater throbs, the worfer smart ;  
 The worfer smart procedes of this  
 That I my P. so often misse.

The neerer too, the more I smile,  
 The more I smile, the merier minde ;  
 The mirrie minde doth thought exile,  
 And thought exilde, recourse I finde  
 Of heavenly joyes : all this delight  
 Have I when P. is once in sight.

*The Lover, whose Mistresse feared a Mouse, declareth that he  
 would become a Cat, if he might have his desire.*

If I might alter kinde,  
 what thinke you I would bee ?

Nor fish, nor foule, nor fle, nor frog,  
     nor squirrell on the tree.  
 The fish the hooke, the foule  
     the lymed twig doth catch,  
 The fle the finger, and the frog  
     the buffard doth dispatch.  
 The squirrell thincking nought  
     that featly cracks the nut,  
 The greedie gaschauke wanting pray  
     in dread of death doth put.  
 But scorning all these kindes,  
     I would become a cat,  
 To combat with the creeping mouse,  
     and scratch the screeking rat :  
 I would be present aye,  
     and at my ladies call,  
 To gard hir from the fearefull mouse  
     in parlour and in hall.  
 In kitching for his life  
     he should not shew his hed,  
 The peare in poke should lie untoucht,  
     when shee were gone to bed :  
 The mouse should stand in feare,  
     so should the squeaking rat.  
 All this would I doe, if I were  
     converted to a cat.

*The Lover driven to absent him from his Ladie,  
 barwayles his estate.*

WHEN angrie Greekes with Troians fought,  
 In minde to sack their welthie towne,

King Agamemnon needefull thought  
 To beate the neighbour cities downe ;  
 And by his princely power to quell  
 Such as by Priams realme did dwell.

Thus forth he travailde with his traine  
 Till he unto Lyrnefus came,  
 Where cruell fight he did maintaine,  
 And flue fuch wights as were of fame :  
 Downe went the walles and all to wrack,  
 And fo was Lyrnes brought to fack.

Two noble dames of paffing fhape  
 Unto the prince were brought in fine,  
 That might compare with Paris rape,  
 Their glimring beauties fo did fhine :  
 The prince chofe faireft of the twaine,  
 And Achyll tother for his paine.

And thus the warlike chiefetaines livde  
 Eche with his ladie in delight,  
 Till Agamemnon was deprivde  
 Of hir that golden Chryfes hight ;  
 For Gods did will as (poets faine)  
 That he fhould yeelde hir up againe.

Which done, he reft Achilles mate  
 To ferve in Chryfis place at neede,  
 Not forcing on the fowle debate  
 That followde of that cruell deede :  
 For why, Achilles grutged fore  
 To lofe the laffe he wan before.

And what for griefe and great difdaine  
 The Greeke his helmet hoong afide,  
 And fworde that many a knight had flaine,  
 And fhield that Trojan darts had tride :

Refusing to approach the place  
Where he was wont his foes to chafe.

His manly courage was appalld,  
His valiant hart began to yeelde,  
His brawned armes, that earft were galld  
With clattering armour in the field,  
Had loft their force; his fift did faint,  
His gladfome fongs were growne to plaint.

His mouth refusde his woonted foode,  
His tongue could feele no tafte of meat,  
His hanging cheekes declarde his moode,  
His feltred beard with haire unfet,  
Bewraid his fodaine change of cheere  
For loofing of his loving feere.

His eares but forrowes founde could heare,  
The trumpets tune was quite forgot,  
His eies were fraught with many a teare,  
Whome carcking care permitted not  
The pleafant flumber to retaine  
To quite the felie mifers paine.

The thoufande part of penfive care  
The noble Greeke endured than  
In Bryfeis abfence, to declare  
It farre furmounts the wit of man;  
But fure a martyr right he livde  
Of Bryfeis beautie once berivde.

If thus Achylles valiant hart  
Were wrapt in web of wailefull wo,  
That was inurde too dint of dart,  
His loving Bryfeis to forgo;  
If thus the fturdie Greeke (I fay)  
Bewaild the night and wept the day,

Then blame not mee, a loving wight  
 Whom Nature made to Cupids bow,  
 To live in such a piteous plight,  
 Bewasht with waves of woofers wo  
 Than ever was the Greekish peere  
 Dispoiled of his darling deere.

For I of force am faine to flee  
 The presse, the preffence and the place  
 Of you my love, a braver B  
 Than Bryseis was for foote and face ;  
 For head, for hande, for carkaffe eeke,  
 Not to be matcht of any Greeke.

Whose troth you have full often tride,  
 Whose hart hath beene unfolded quight,  
 Whose faith by friendship was descride,  
 Whose joy consisted in your sight,  
 Whose paine was pleasure if in place  
 He might but gaze upon thy face.

O dolefull Greeke ! I would I might  
 Exchange my trouble for thy paine,  
 For then I hope I should acquite  
 My grieffe with gladfome joyes againe ;  
 For Bryseis made return to thee :  
 Would B. might doe the like to mee !

But to exchange my love for thine,  
 Or B. for Bryseis I ne would :  
 To labour in the leaden mine,  
 And leave the ground where growes the golde,  
 I minde it not : it follie were  
 To choose the paie, and leave the peare.

*That Lovers ought rather, at first acquaintance, to shew  
their meanings by Pen then by Mouth.*

If all that feele the fits of love  
And flanckring sparkes of Cupids fire,  
By tatling tongues should fay to move  
Their ladies to their sonde desire,  
No doubt, a number would but gaine  
A badge of follie for their paine.

For ladyes cyther would suspect  
Those fugred wordes, so sweete to eare,  
With secrete poysons baite infect,  
Or else would wisely stand in feare,  
That all such flame as so did burne  
To dustie cinders soone would turne.

For he that bluntly doth presume,  
On small acquaintance, to display  
His hidden fire by casting fume  
Of wanton words, doth misse the way  
To win the wight he honours so,  
For of a friend he makes a fo.

For who is shee that may endure  
The dapper tearmes that lovers use?  
And painted proems to procure  
The modest matrons minde to muse?  
No; first let writings go to tell  
Your ladies that you love them well.

And when that time hath triall made  
Of perfite love and faithfull brest,  
Then boldly may you further wade :

This counsell I account the best ;  
 And this (my deare) procurde my quill  
 To write, and tongue to be fo still.

Which now at first shall flatly showe,  
 As faithfull herauld of the hart,  
 The perfite love to thee I owe,  
 That breedst my joy, and wilt my smart,  
 Unlesse at last (remembrance) rue  
 Upon hir (thought) that will be true.

Wherefore I say, go slender scrole  
 To hir the felie mouse that shonnes :  
 Salute in friendly fort the foule  
 Among those pretie beastes that wonnes,  
 That bit the pocat for the peare,  
 And bred the foule to such a feare.

*An Epitaph of Maister Win, drowned in the sea.*

WHO so thou art that passest by this place,  
 And runst at random on the slipper way,  
 Recline thy listning eare to mee a space ;  
 Doe stay thy ship, and hearken what I saye :  
 Cast ankore here untill my tale be donne,  
 So maist thou chaunce the lyke mishaps to shonne.

Learne this of mee ; that men doe live to die,  
 And death decayes the worthiest wightes of all.  
 No worldly welth or kingdomes can supplie,  
 Or garde their princes from the fatall fall :  
 One way to come unto this lyfe we see,  
 But to be rid thereof a thousand bee.



My gallant youth and frolick yeares behight  
 Mee longer age, and silver haire to have ;  
 I thought my day would never come to night,  
 My prime provokte me to forget my grave :  
 I thought by water to have scape the death  
 That now amid the seas doe lose my breath.

Now, now the churlish chanel me doth chock,  
 Now furging seas conspire to breede my carke,  
 Now fighting flouds enforce me to the rock,  
 Charybdis whelps and Scyllas dogs doe barke ;  
 Now hope of life is past, [and] now I see  
 That W. can no more a lives man bee.

Yet I do well affie for my defart  
 (When cruell death hath done the worst it may)  
 Of well renowned Fame to have a part  
 To save my name from ruine and decay :  
 And that is all that thou or I may gaine,  
 And so adue : I thanke thee for thy paine.

*Againe.*

O NEPTUNE, churlish chuff, O wayward wolfe !  
 O god of seas by name, no god in deede !  
 O Tyran, ruler of the gravell goolfe  
 Where greater fish on lesser spawne doth feede,  
 Why didst thou drench with deadly mace a wight  
 That well deservde to run his course aright ?

O cruell curfed tide ! O weltring wave  
 That W. wrought this detestable care !  
 O wrathfull furge ! why wouldst thou not vouchsafe  
 A mid thy rage so good a youth to spare,

And suffer him in luckie bark to reach  
The pleafant port of eafe and blifsfull beach?

But what though furling fees and toffing tide  
Have done their worft, and uttered all their force  
In working W. wrack, that fo hath tride  
The cruellft rage that might befall his corfe,  
Yet naytheleffe his ever during name  
Is faft ingravde within the houfe of Fame.

Let fifhes feede upon his flefh apace,  
Let crawling cungers creepe about his bones,  
Let wormes awake and W. carkaffe race,  
For why it was appointed for the nones:  
But when they have done all the fpite they can  
His good report fhall live in mouth of man.

In ftead of ftonie tombe and marble grave,  
In lieu of a[ny] lamentable verfe,  
Let W. on the fandie cheafell have  
This dolefull rime in ftead of better hierfe:  
*Lo! here among the wormes doth W. woon  
That well defervde a farther race to roon.*

But fince his fate allotted him to fall  
Amid the fowfing fees and troublous tide,  
Let not his death his faithfull friends appall,  
For he is not the firft that fo hath dide,  
Nor fhall be feene the laft: as nie a way  
To heaven by waters as by land they fay.

*Praife of his Love.*

APPELLES, lay the pensill downe,  
and fhun thy woonted skill,

Let brute no more with flattring trumpe  
the Greekiſh eares fulfill :  
Clayme not to thee ſuch painters praife  
as thou haſt done of yore,  
Leaſt thou in fine be foiled flat,  
and gained glorie lore.  
So ſeeke not to diſgrace the Greekes,  
thy loving native land,  
But rather from depainting formes  
withdraw thy ſkilleft hand :  
For ſo thou ſtiffely ſtand and vaunt  
that thou wilt frame hir like,  
Whome I extoll above the ſtarres,  
thou art a ſtately Greeke.  
As ſoone with might thou mayſte remove  
the rock from whence it growes,  
As frame hir featurde forme in whome  
ſuch floods of graces flowes.  
If I might ſpeake, unhurt of hate,  
I would avault that kinde,  
In ſpite of roſe and lillie both,  
had hir in earth aſſignde  
To dwell among the daintie dames  
that ſhee hath placed heere,  
Cauſe, by hir paſſing feature might  
Dame Natures ſkill appeere.  
Hir haire ſurmounds Apollos pride,  
in it ſuch beautie raines ;  
Hir gliſtring eies the criſtall farre  
and fineſt ſaphire ſtaines ;  
A little mouth with decent chin,  
a corall lip of hue,

With teeth as white as whale his bone,  
     eche one in order due.  
 A body blamelesse to be found,  
     armes rated to the fame,  
 Such hands with azure deckt, as all  
     that warre with hir doe shame.  
 As for the partes in covert kept  
     and what is not in fight,  
 I doe esteeme them by the reaft,  
     not forcing on dispight.  
 If I were foreman of the quest,  
     my verdict to expresse,  
 Forgive mee (Phœbus) of thy place  
     shée should thee dispossesse.  
 P. should be raifed to the cloudes,  
     and Phœbus brought alow,  
 For that there should live none in earth  
     but might hir vertue know.  
 Thus to conclude and make an ende ;  
     to vouch I dare be bolde,  
 As soone as Nature hir had made,  
     all Natures ware was solde.

*The complaint of a Friend of his having lost his Dove.*

WHAT! should I shed my teares to show mine inward paine  
 Since that the jewell I have lost may not be had again?  
 Yet bootlesse though it bee to utter covert smart,  
 It is a meane to cure the grieffe, and make a joyfull hart.  
 Wherefore I say to you that have enjoyde your love,  
 Lament with me in wofull wise for loosing of my dove.

You turtle cocks, that are your loving hennes bereft,  
And do bewaile your cruell chaunce that you alive are left,  
Come hither, come I fay, come hic in hafte to mee,  
Let eyther make his dolefull plaint amid this drearie tree.  
A fitter place than this may no where elfe be found,  
For friendly echo here wil caufe ech cry to yeeld a found.  
In youth it was my luck on fuch a dove to light,  
As by good nature wan my love, she was my whole delite;  
A fresher fowle than mine for shape and beauties hue,  
Was never any man on earth that had the hap to vewe.  
Dame Nature hir had framde fo perfite in hir kinde,  
As not the spiteful man himfelf one fault in hir could finde:  
Her eie fo paffing pure, hir beake fo brave and fit,  
The ftature of her lims fo fmall, hir head fo full of wit,  
Hir neck of fo good fyfe, hir plume of colour white,  
Hir legs and feete fo finely made, though feldom fene in  
fight:

Eche part fo fitly pight as none mought chaunge his place,  
Nor any bird could lightly have fo good and brave a  
grace.

But moft of all that I did fanfie was hir voyce,  
For fwete it was unto mine eare, and made the hart rejoyce.  
No fooner could I come in place where fhe was fet,  
But up the rofe, and joyfull would hir make and lover met:  
About my tender neck fhe would have clafped tho,  
And laid hir beake betwixt my lips, fweete kiffes to befto;  
And ought besides that mought have pleafurde me at all,  
Was never man that had a birde fo fit to play withall.  
When I for joy did fing, fhe would have fong with mee,  
When I was wo, my grief was hers, fhe wold not plefant be.  
But (oh!) amid my joyes came cruell canckred death,

And spiting at my pleasures reft my loving bird hir breath :  
 Who finding me alack, and abfent on a day,  
 Caught bow in hand, and ftrak hir down; a breeding as  
 ſhe lay.

Since I have caufe to waile the death of fuch a dove,  
 (Good turtles) help me to lament the loffe of my true love.  
 The tree whereon ſhe fat ſhall be the place where I  
 Will ſing my laft, and end my life, for (turtles) I muft die.  
 You know it is our kinde, we can not live alone,  
 More pleaſant is the death to us then life when love is gone.  
 To tell a farther tale my fainting breath denies,  
 And ſelfe ſame death that flue my dove begins to cloſe  
 mine eies.

*That Lovers ought to ſhunne no paines to attaine  
 their Love.*

IF marchaunts in their warped keales  
 commit themſelves to wave,  
 And dreadfull daunger of the goulfe  
 in tempeſt that doth rave,  
 To fet from farre and forraine lands  
 ſuch ware as is to fell,  
 And is not in their native foile  
 where they themſelves doe dwell :  
 If fouldiars ſerve in perills place  
 and dread of cannon ſhot,  
 Ech day in daunger of their lives  
 and countrie loffe, God wot,  
 Whoſe muſick is the dreadfull drum  
 and dolefull trumpets founde,

Who have, in stead of better bed,  
the colde and stonie grounde,  
And all tattaine the spoile with speede  
of such as doe withstande,  
Which slender is sometime we see  
when so it comes to hande :  
If they for lucre light sustaine  
such perill as ensues,  
Then those that serve the lorde of love  
no travaile ought refuse ;  
But lavish of their lively breath  
all tempest to abide,  
To maintaine love and all his lawes  
what fortune so betide :  
And not to shrink at erie shoure  
or stormie flaw that lights,  
Ne yet to yeelde themselves as thrall  
to such as with them fights.  
Such are not fit for Cupids campe,  
they ought no wages win,  
Which faint before the clang of trump,  
or battels broile begin :  
They must not make account of hurt,  
for Cupid hath in store  
Continually within his compe  
a salve for erie fore.  
Their ensigne bearer is so stoute,  
e cleaped Hope by name,  
As if they follow his advice,  
ech thing shall be in frame ;  
But if for want of courage stoute  
the banner be bereft,

If Hope by hap be stricken downe,  
 and no good hope yleft,  
 Tis time with trump to blow retreat,  
 the field muſt needes be woon :  
 So Cupid once be captive tane,  
 his ſouldiars are undoon.  
 Wherefore, what ſo they are that love,  
 as waged men doe ſerve,  
 Muſt ſhun no daunger drift at all,  
 ne from no perill ſwerve :  
 Keepe watch and warde the wakefull night,  
 and never yeelde to reſt,  
 For feare leaſt thou, a waiting nought,  
 on ſodaine be oppreſt.  
 Though hunger gripe thy emptie maw,  
 endure it for a while,  
 Till time doe ſerve with good repaſt  
 ſuch famine to beguile :  
 Be not with chilly colde diſmaide,  
 let ſnow nor iſe procure  
 Thy luſtfull lims from painefull plight,  
 thy ladie to allure.  
 That is the ſpoile that Cnpid gives,  
 that is the onely wight,  
 Where at his thralls are woont to rove  
 with arrowes from their ſight.  
 My ſelfe, as one among the moe,  
 ſhall never ſpare to ſpend  
 My life, my lims, yea, hart and all,  
 Loves quarrell to defend ;  
 And ſo in recompence of paines,  
 and toile of perills paſt,



He yeelde mee but my ladies love,  
I will not be agaft  
Of Fortune, nor hir frowning face :  
I nought shall force hir cheere,  
But tend on erie turne on hir  
that is my loving feere.

*A request of Friendship to Vulcans Wyfe, made by Mars.*

THOUGH froward Fortune would that you, who are  
So brave a dame, with Vulcan shoulden linck,  
Yet may you love the lustie God of warre,  
And bleare his eies that no such fraud will thinck.  
Tis Cupids charge ; and all the Gods agree,  
That you be feere to him, and friend to mee.

*The Lover that had loved long without requitall  
of good will.*

LONG did I love, and likte hir passing well,  
Whose beautie bred the thraldom of my thought ;  
Long did I sue to hir for to expell  
The foule disdaine that beauties beames had wrought :  
Long did I serve, and long I would have doon,  
My minde was bent a thorow race to roon.

Long when I had loovde, sude, and served so,  
As mought have likte as brave a dame as shee,  
Hir friend she forced not, but let him go :  
Shee loovde at least besides him two or three.

Hir common cheare to erie one that fude,  
 Bred me to deeme shee did hir friend delude.

Great was my grieffe at first to be refusde,  
 That long had loovde with true unfained hart ;  
 But when I sawe I had beene long abusde,  
 I forcde the lesse from such a friend to part :  
 Yet, ere I gave hir up, I gainde a thing  
 That grieffe to hir, and ease to me did bring.

*To a Friend that wuld him to beware of Envie.*

This found advise and counsell sent from you,  
 With friendly hart that you (my friend) doe give,  
 With willing minde I purpose to ensue,  
 And to beware of envie whilst I live :  
 For spitefull it doth nought but malice brue,  
 Aie seeking love from faithfull harts to rive,  
 And plant, in place where perfit friendship grue,  
 A mortall hate, good nature to deprive :  
 And those that nip mee by the back behinde,  
 I trust you shall untrue reporters finde.

*Of Misreporters.*

I HOPE (mine owne) this fixed love of thine  
 Is so well staid and rooted deepe in brest,  
 That not, unlesse thou see it with thine eie  
 That I from thee my love and friendship wrest,  
 Thou wilt untie the knot of thy behest.

I trust your selfe of envie will beware,  
That wild your friend take heede of envies snare.

*That no man should write but such as doe excell.*

SHOULD no man write (fay you)  
but such as doe excell?  
This fonde devise of yours deserves  
a bable and a bell.  
Then one alone should doe,  
or verie few in deede,  
For that in erie art there can  
but one alone excede.  
Should others ydle bee,  
and waste their age in vaine,  
That mought, perhaps, in after time  
the prick and price attaine?  
By practife skill is got,  
by practife wit is woon:  
At games you see how many doe  
to win the wager roon;  
Yet one among the moc  
doth beare away the bell:  
Is that a cause to fay the rest  
in running did not well?  
If none in phisick should  
but onely Galene deale,  
No doubt a thousand perishe would,  
whome phisick now doth heale.  
Eche one his talent hath,  
to use at his devise,

Which makes that many men, as well  
as one, are counted wise.  
For if that wit alone  
in one should rest and raine,  
Then God the skulls of other men  
did make but all in vaine.  
Let eche one trie his force,  
and doe the best he can,  
For thereunto appointed were  
the hand and leg of man.  
The poet Horace speakes  
against thy reason plaine,  
Who sayes tis somewhat to attempt,  
although thou not attaine  
The scope in erie thyng :  
to touch the highest degree  
Is passing hard, too doe the best  
sufficing is for thee.

*To his Friend, declaring what vertue it is to stick to  
former plighted friendship.*

The sage and silver haired wights doe thinke  
A vertue rare not to be proude of mind,  
When fortune smiles ; nor cowardly to shrink  
Though chaunged chaunce do shew hir self unkind ;  
But chiefeft praise is to imbrace the man,  
In welth and wo, with whome your love began.

*Of two desperate Men.*

A man in deepe dispaire, with hemp in hand,  
Went out in hafte to ende his wretched daies,  
And where he thought the gallo tree should stand,  
He found a pot of gold : he goes his waies  
Therewith eftfoone, and in exchange he left  
The rope wherewith he would his breath bereft.

The greedie carle came within a fpace  
That owde the good, and faw the pot behind  
Where ruddocks lay, and in the ruddocks place  
A knottie cord, but ruddocks could not find :  
He caught the hemp and hoong himfelfe on tree,  
For grieffe that he is treafure could not fee. -

*Of the torments of Hell, and the paines of Love.*

Though they that wanted grace,  
and whilome lived heere,  
Sustaine fuch pangues and paines in hell  
as doth by bookes appeere ;  
Though restleffe be the rage  
of that infernall route,  
That voide of feare and pitties plaint  
doe fling the fire aboute,  
And toffe the blafing brands  
that never shall confume,  
And breath on felie foules that fit  
and suffer furious fume ;  
Though Tantall, Pelops sonne,  
abide the dropsie dry,

And sterue with hunger where he hath  
both foode and water by ;  
Though Tytius doe indure  
his liver to be rent  
Of vultures tiring on the same  
unto his spoile ybent ;  
And Syfiphe though with paine  
and never stinting drift  
Doe role the stone from mountaines top  
and it to mountaine lift ;  
Though Belydes doe broile  
and suffer endleffe paine,  
In drawing water from the deepe  
that falleth downe againe ;  
Though Agamemnons sonne  
such retchleffe rage indure,  
By meane of furies that with flame  
his griefull smart procure ;  
Though Mynos hath assignde  
Prometheus to the rack,  
With hand and foote ystretch awide  
till all his lims doe crack,  
To leade a lothfome life  
and die a living death,  
Amid his paines to wafte his winde,  
and yet to want no breath ;  
Though other stand in Stix  
with fulpher that doth flame,  
And other plunge in Phlegiton  
so gastly for the name ;  
Though Cerberus, the kaie  
of Plutos denne that beares,

With hungrie throte and greedie gripe  
the newcome straunger teares ;  
Though these condemned ghoftes  
fuch dreadfull paine indures,  
Yet may they not compare at all  
with pangues that love procures.  
His tiring farre exceedes  
the gnawing of the gripes,  
And with his whip fuch lashes gives  
that paffe Megeras ftripes.  
He lets the liver lie,  
tormenting aie the hart,  
He strikes and wounds his bounden thrall  
with dubble hedded dart.  
His fire exceedes the flame  
of deepe Avernus lakes,  
And where he once pretendes a plague,  
a spitefull spoile he makes.  
His foes doe wake by day,  
they dread to sleepe the night ;  
They ban the funne, they curfe the moone,  
and all that elfe gives light.  
They paffe their lothfome lives  
with not contented minde ;  
Their dolefull daies drawe flow to date,  
as Cupid hath affignde.  
To Tantall like, but yet  
their cafe is worfe than his ;  
They have that they imbrace, but ftraight  
are quite bereft of blis :  
They wafte their winde in fighes,  
they bleare their eies with brine,

They breake their bulcks with bowncing grieffe,  
their harts with lingring pine.  
Though Orpheus were alive  
with musick that appeasde  
The uglie God of Lymbo Lake,  
and foules so fore diseasde,  
By arte he mought not ease  
the lovers fervent fits,  
Ne purchace him his harts desire,  
so troubled are his wits.  
No place of quiet rest,  
no roome devoide of ruth,  
No swaging of his endlesse paine,  
whose death doth trie his truth.  
His chamber serves for nought  
but witnesse of his plaint,  
His bed and bolster to bewaile  
their lorde with love attaint.  
The man for murther caught,  
and clodgde with yron colde,  
To sweare that he more happie is  
than lovers may be bolde ;  
For he in little space  
his dreadfull day shall see,  
But Cupids thralls in daylie griefes  
tormented daylie bee.  
A thousand deaths they bide  
whilst they in life remaine,  
And onely plaints and stormie thoughts  
they are the lovers gaine.



*An Epitaph on the death of Maister Tufton of Kent.*

HERE may wee see the force of spitefull death,  
And what a fwayne it beares in worldly things;  
It neyther spares the one nor others breath,  
He slayes the keasers and the crowned kings.

Nothing prevailes against his hatefull hande,  
He heares no futers when they pleade for lyfe,  
The richmans purse cannot deaths powre withstand,  
Nor fouldiars sworde compare with fatall knyfe.  
He recketh not of well renowned fame,  
He forceth not a whit of golden see,  
His greatest joy is to obscure the name  
Of such as seeke immortall aie to bee.

For if that wealth, bloud, lynage, or defart,  
Love, pittie, zeale, or friendship mought prevaild;  
If life well led, if true unfayned hart  
Mought purchase lyfe, then death had not affaild.

This Tuftons lyfe with curst and cruell blade,  
Breaking the course of him that ran so right  
A race as he no stop at all had made,  
Had death not tript this Tufton for despight.

The poore have lost, the ritch have nothing gaine,  
The good have cause to mourne, the yll to plaine,  
For Tufton was to all a friend unfaine.  
Let Kent cry out that death hath Tufton flaine,  
Yet this there is, whereof they may rejoyce,  
That his good lyfe hath woon the peoples voyce.

*Againe.*

LET never man presume of worldly wealth,  
 Let riches never breede a loftie minde,  
 Let no man boast to much of perfite health,  
 Let Natures gifts make no man over blinde,  
 For these are all but bladders full of winde.

Let friendship not enforce a retchleffe thought,  
 Let no defart or life well led before,  
 Let no renowne or glorie greatly fought,  
 Make man forget his present state the more ;  
 For death is he that keepes and rids the store.

If eyther health, or goods had beene of powre,  
 If Natures giftes, or friendship and good will,  
 If lyfe forepast, if glories golden bowre  
 Mought have prevailld, or stopt the dolefull knill  
 Of Tufton, then had Tufton lived still.

But now you see that death hath quight undoon  
 His last of lyfe, and put him to the foile,  
 Yet lives the vertue that alive he woon,  
 The times alone are fhrowded in the foile :  
 Thus death is ende of all this worldleffe toile.

*In praise of Ladie P.*

P. SEEMES of Venus stock to bee  
 for beauties comely grace,  
 A Gryfell for hir gravitie,  
 a Helen for hir face :  
 A second Pallas for hir wit,  
 a goddesse rare in fight ;

A Dian for hir daintineffe,  
    fhee is fo chafte a wight.  
Doe vew hir corfe with curious eie,  
    eche lim from top to toe,  
And you fhall fay I tell but truth  
    that doe extoll hir fo.  
The head, as chiefe, that ftands aloft  
    and over looketh all,  
With wifedome is fo fully fraught,  
    as Pallas there did ftall.  
Two cares that trust no trifling tales,  
    nor credit blazing brute,  
Yet fuch againe as readie are  
    to heare the humbles fute.  
Hir eies are fuch as will not gaze  
    on things not worthy fight,  
And where fhe ought to caft a looke  
    fhe will not winke in fpight.  
The golden graines that greedie queftes  
    from forraine countries bring,  
Ne fhining Phœbus glittering beames  
    that on his godhead fpring ;  
No auncient amber, had in price  
    of Roman matrons olde,  
May be comparde with fplendant haire  
    that paffe the Venys golde.  
Hir nofe adorns hir countnance fo  
    in middle juftly plaffe,  
As it at no time will permit  
    hir beautie be defafte.  
Hir mouth fo fmall, hir teeth fo white  
    as any whale his bone,

Hir lips without so lively red  
that passe the corall stone.  
What neede I to describe hir cheekes,  
hir chin, or else hir pap?  
For they are all as though the rose  
lodge in the lillies lap.  
What should I stand upon the rest  
or other parts depaint,  
As little hand with fingers long?  
my wits are all to faint.  
Yet this I say in hir behalfe,  
if Helen were hir leeke,  
Sir Paris neede not to disdaine  
hir through the seas to seeke;  
Nor Menelaus was unwise  
or troupe Troians mad,  
When he with them, and they with him,  
for hir such combat had.  
Leanders labour was not lost  
that swam the furing seas,  
If Hero were of such a hue  
whome so he sought to please.  
And if Admetus darling deere  
were of so fresh a face,  
Though Phœbus kept Admetus flock,  
it may not him disgrace;  
Nor mightie Mavors waye the floutes,  
and laughing of the rest,  
If such a one were shee with whome  
he lay in Vulcans nest.  
If Bryseis beautie were so brave,  
Achylles needes no blame,

Who left the campe and fled the field  
 for loofing fuch a dame.  
 If thee in Ida had bene feene  
 with Pallas and the reft,  
 I doubt where Paris would have chofe  
 Dame Venus for the beft ;  
 Or if Pygmalion had but tane  
 a glimfe of fuch a face,  
 He would not then his idoll dumbe  
 fo fervently imbrace.  
 But what fhall neede fo many wordes  
 in things that are fo plaine ?  
 I fay but that I doubt where kinde  
 can make the like againe.

*The Lover in utter difpaire of his Ladies returne, in  
 eche refpect compares his eftate with Troylus.*

My cafe with Troylus may compare,  
 For as he felt both forrow and care,  
 Even fo doe I, moft mifer wight,  
 That am a Troylus outright.  
 As ere he could atchieve his wifh,  
 He fed of many a dolefull difh,  
 And day and night unto the skies  
 The felie Troian kept his eies,  
 Requesting ruth at Crefid's hande,  
 In whome his life and death did ftande,  
 So night and day I fpent in wo,  
 Ere the hir pittic would beftow

To quight me from the painefull plight  
That made me be a martir right.  
As when at laft he favour founde,  
And was recured of his wounde,  
His grutching griefes to comfort grue,  
And torments from the Troian flue ;  
So when my ladie did remoove  
Hir rigour, and began to loove  
Hir vaffell in fuch friendly fort,  
As might appere by outward port,  
Then who began to joy but I,  
That ftoode my miftrefse hart fo nie ?  
Then (as the Troian did) I foong,  
And out my ladies vertues roong  
So lowde, as all the world could tell  
What was the meaning of the bell.  
And as that pleafant tafte of joy  
That he endured had in Troy,  
From fweete to fower did conuart,  
When Crefida did thence depart,  
So my forepaffed pleasures arre  
By fpitefull fortune put a farre  
By hir departure from the place,  
Where I was woont to view hir face,  
So angelike that fhone in fight  
Surpaffing Phœbus golden light.  
As when that Diomed the Greeke  
Had given the Troian foe the gleeke.  
And reft him Crefids comely hue  
Which often made his hart to rue,  
The wofull Troylus did lament,

And dolefull dayes in mourning spent,  
So I, bereft my looving make,  
To sighs and fobbings mee betake,  
Repining that my fortune is  
Of my desired friend to misse,  
And that a guilefull Greeke should bee  
Esteemde of hir in such degree.  
But though my fortune frame awrie,  
And I, dispoylde hir companie,  
Must waste the day and night in wo,  
For that the gods appointed so,  
I naythelesse will wish hir well  
And better than to Cresid fell :  
I pray she may have better hap  
Than beg hir bread with dish and clap,  
As shee, the felie miser, did,  
When Troylus by the spittle rid.  
God shield hir from the lazars lore,  
And lothsome leapers stincking fore,  
And for the love I earst hir bare  
I wish hir as my selfe to fare :  
My selfe that am a Troian true  
As shee full well by triall knue.  
And as King Priams worthie sonne  
All other ladies seemde to shonne,  
For love of Cresid ; so do I  
All Venus dearlings quight desie,  
In minde to love them all alecke,  
That leave a Troian for a Greeke.

*The Lover declareth what he would have, if he might  
obtaine his wish.*

If Gods would daine to lend  
 a listning eare to mee,  
 And yeelde me my demaunde at full,  
 what think you it to bee ?  
 Not to excell in feate,  
 or wield the regall mace,  
 Or seepter in such stately fort  
 as might commende the place :  
 For as their hawte is hie,  
 so is their ruine rough,  
 As those that earst hath felt the fall  
 declare it well ynough.  
 Ne would I wish by warre  
 and bloudie blade in fist,  
 To gore the grounde with giltlesse bloud  
 of such as would resist :  
 For tirants though a while  
 doe leade their lives in joy,  
 Yet tirants trie, in trackt of time,  
 how bloudshed doth annoy.  
 I would none office crave,  
 ne consulship request,  
 For that such rule is full of rage,  
 and fraught with all unrest.  
 Ne would I wish for welth  
 in great excesse to flow,  
 Which keepes the keyes of discords denne,  
 as all the world doth know ;



But my desire should farre  
such base requests excell,  
That I might hir enjoy at will  
whome I doe love so well.  
O mightie God of gods !  
I were assured than  
In happie hap him to surpasse,  
that were the happiest man :  
Then might I march in mirth  
with well contented minde,  
And joy to thinke that I in love  
such bliffefull hap did finde.  
What friendly wordes would we  
together then recite ;  
More than my tongue is able tell,  
or this poore pen to write :  
Then should my hart rejoyce  
and thereby comfort take,  
As they have felt that earst have had  
the use of such a make.  
If Fortune then would frowne,  
or fought me to disgrace,  
The touching of hir cherrie lip  
such forrowes would displace.  
Or if such grieve did growe  
as might procure my smart,  
Hir long and limber armes to mee  
might soone reduce my hart.  
For as by foming flouds  
the fleeting fishes lives,  
To salamanders as the flame  
their onely comfort gives,

So doth thy beautie (P.)  
     my forrowes quite expell,  
 And makes me fare where I should faint,  
     unlesse thou loovdste mee well.  
 And as by waters want,  
     fish falleth to decay,  
 And salamander cannot live  
     when flame is tane away,  
 So absence from hir sight  
     whole seas of forrowes makes,  
 Which presence of that paragon  
     by secret vertue flakes.  
 Would Death would spare to spoyle,  
     and crooked age to raise  
 (As they are wont by course of kinde)  
     Pees beautie in this case ;  
 Yet though their rigor rage,  
     and powre by prooffe be plaine,  
 If P. should die to morrow next,  
     yet P. should live againe ;  
 For phœnix by his kinde  
     to phœnix will returne,  
 When he by force of Phœbus flame  
     in scalding skies doe burne.  
 Then P. must needs revive  
     that is a phœnix plaine,  
 And P. by lack of lively breath  
     shall be a P. againe.

*Of a Gentlewoman that wilde hir Lover to weare greene  
Bayes, in token of hir stedfast love towards him.*

B. TOLDE me that the bay would aye be greene,  
And never change his hue for winters thret ;  
Wherefore (quoth shee) that plainly may be seene  
What love thy ladie beares, the lawrell get.

A braunch aloft upon the helmet weare,  
Prefuming that, untill the lawrell die  
And loze his native colour, I will beare  
A faithfull hart, and never fwerve awrie.

I (fiely foule) did smile with joyfull brow,  
Hoping that Daphnis would retaine hir hue,  
And not have chaungde ; and lykewise that the vow  
My ladie made would make my ladie true.

O-Gods! beholde the chaunce : I wore the tree,  
And honor it as stay of stedfast love,  
But sodainely the lawrell might I fee  
To looke as browne as doth the browneft dove.

I marveld much at this unwoonted sight :  
Within a day or two came newes to mee  
That shee had chaungde, & swarvde hir friendship quight,  
Wherefore affie in neither trull nor tree.

For I perceive that colours lightly change,  
And ladies love on sodaine waxeth straunge.

*An Epitaph of Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the  
Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of  
Lyncolns Inne of Court.*

YE learned Muses nine,  
and sacred Sisters all,

Now lay your cheerefull cithrons downe,  
 and to lamenting fall.  
 Rent off thofe garlands greene,  
 do lawrell leaves away,  
 Remoove the myrtell from your browes,  
 and ftint on ftrings to play ;  
 For he that led the daunce,  
 the chiefest of your traine,  
 (I meane the man that Edwards height)  
 by cruell death is flaine.  
 Yee courtiers change your cheere,  
 lament in wailefull wife,  
 For now your Orpheus hath refignde ;  
 in clay his carcas lyes.  
 O ruth ! he is bereft  
 that whilft he lived heere  
 For poets pen and paffing wit  
 could have no Englifh peere.  
 His vaine in verfe was fuch,  
 fo ftately eke his ftile,  
 His feate in forging fugred fongs  
 with cleane and curious file,  
 As all the learned Greekes  
 and Romaines would repine,  
 If they did live againe, to vewe  
 his verfe with fcornefull cine.  
 From Plautus he the palme  
 and learned Terence wan :  
 His writings well declarede the wit  
 that lurcked in the man.  
 O Death ! thou ftoodfte in dread  
 that Edwards by his art

And Wifedome would have scape thy shaft,  
     and fled thy furious dart.  
 This feare enforste thy fist  
     thy curfed bow to bende,  
 And let the fatall arrow flie  
     that Edwards life did ende.  
 But spite of all thy spite,  
     when all thy hate is tride,  
 (Thou curfed Death !) his earned praife  
     in mouth of man shall bide.  
 Wherefore (O Fame !) I fay  
     to trumpe thy lips applie,  
 And blow a blast that Edwards brute  
     may pierce the golden skie.  
 For here bylow in earth  
     his name is so well knowne,  
 As eche, that knew his life, laments  
     that hee so foone is gone.

*An Epitaph on the death of Maister Arthur Brooke,  
drownde in passing to New Haven.*

AT point to ende and finishe this my booke,  
 Came good report to mee, and wild me write  
 A dolefull verse in praife of Authur Brooke,  
 That age to come lament his fortune might.  
 Agreede (quoth I) for sure his vertues were  
 As many as his yeares in number few:  
 The muses him in learned laps did beare,  
 And Pallas dug this daintie bab did chew.

Apollo lent him lute, for folace fake  
 To sound his verfe by touch of ftately ftring,  
 And of the never fading baye did make  
 A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling ;

In proufe that he for myter did excell,  
 As may be iudge by Julyet and hir mate ;  
 For there he fhewde his cunning paffing well,  
 When he the tale to Englifh did translate.

But what ? as he to forraine realme was bownd  
 With others moe, his foveraigne queene to ferve,  
 Amid the feas unluckie youth was drownd ;  
 More speedie death than fuch one did deferue.

Aye mee ! that time (thou crooked delphin) where  
 Waft thou, Aryons help and onely ftay,  
 That fafely him from fea to fhore didft beare ?  
 When Brooke was drownd why waft you then away ?

If found of harp thine eare delighted fo,  
 And caufer was that he beft rid thy back,  
 Then doubtleffe thou moughtft wel on Brooke beftow  
 As good a turne, to fave him from the wrack.

For fure his hande Aryons harp exceld,  
 His pleafant pen did paffe the others skill :  
 Who fo his booke with judging eie beheld  
 Gave thanks to him, and praifde his learned quill.

Thou cruel goulf, what meanft thou to devowre  
 With fupping feas a jewell of fuch fame ?  
 Why didft thou fo with water marre the flowre  
 That Pallas thought fo curioufly to frame ?

Unhappie was the haven which he fought,  
 Cruell the feas whereon his fhip did glide,

The winds to rough that Brooke to ruine brought,  
Unskilfull he that undertooke to glide [guide].

But fithens teares can not revoke the ded,  
Nor cries recall a drowned man to lande,  
Let this fuffice textall the life he led,  
And print his prayse in houfe of Fame to stande,  
That they that after us fhall bee and live  
Deferved praife to Arthur Brooke may give,  
(qd) G. T.

*Of the renowned Lady, Lady Anne Countesse Warwick.*

AN earle was your fire, a worthie wight ;  
A cownteffe gave you tet, a noble dame ;  
An earle is your feere, a Mars outright ;  
A cownteffe eke your selfe of bruted fame ;  
A brother lorde, your father earles fonne :  
Thus doth your line in lordes and earles ronne.

You were well knowne of Ruffels race a childe,  
Of Bedfords blood that now doth live an earle,  
Now Warwicks wife, a warlike man in field,  
A Venus peere, a ritche and orient pearle :  
Wherefore to you, that sifter, childe, and wife  
To lorde and earles are, I wish long life.

You Alpha were when I this booke begoonne,  
And formost, as became your state, did stande ;  
To be Omega now you will not shoonne,  
(O noble dame!) I trust ; but take with hande  
This ragged rime, and with a courteous looke,  
And cownteffe eie, peruse this tryfling booke.

*The Authours Epiloge to his Booke.*

THE countnance of this noble cowntesse marck,  
When she, thy verfe with eie that saphire like  
Doth shine, furvayes ; let be thy onely carck  
To note hir lookes : and if she ought mislike,  
Say that thou shouldst have hid it from hir sight :  
Thy authour made the best for hir delight.

The woorst he wilde in covert scrole to lurke,  
Untill the beare were overlickt afresh ;  
For why, in deede this hastie hatched wurke  
Refembleth much the shapelesse lumpe of flesh  
That beares bring forth : so, when I lick thee over,  
Thou shalt (I trust) thy perfite shape recover.

*FINIS.*



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FINIS.

*[Under a wood-cut of a Bear and ragged staff, and a Lion.]*

The Lyon stout, whom never earst  
could any beast subdue,  
Here (Madame) as you see doth yeelde  
both to your Beare and you.

Imprinted at London

by Henry Denham  
*dwelling in Pater-*  
noster Rowe, at  
the signe of  
the Starre.



*Anno Domini*

1567.

*Cum Priuilegio.*













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